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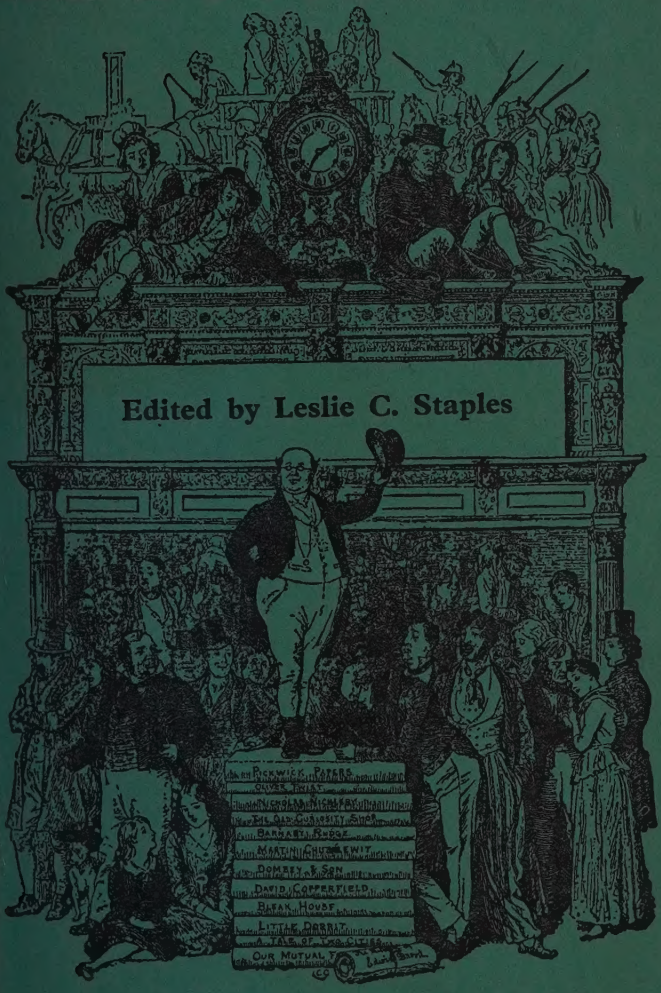

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see page 133

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THE DICKENSIAN

SUMMER NUMBER

VOL. LIII. SEPTEMBER 1957 No. 323

WHEN FOUND—

At the Abbey A large gathering of members attended the laying of a wreath on the grave of Dickens in Westminster Abbey on June 8th, the eve of the 87th anniversary of the death of the novelist. The little ceremony was conducted by Canon Carpenter. Mrs. John Aseltine of California laid the wreath, supported by Mr. Reg. Willett of Vancouver and Mr. Peek of New Zealand.

* * * * *

Devonshire Terrace In spite of every effort made by the Dickens Fellowship, the St. Marylebone Society and other interested bodies, and many interested individuals, led by Mr. Kenneth Robinson in the House of Commons, it was announced in the House on May 28th by the Minister of Housing that he had decided not to make a preservation order in the matter of the proposed demolition of No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, the home of Charles Dickens from 1839 to 1850. The Borough Council of St. Marylebone, in which borough the house stands, had declined to support the appeal for preservation, apparently regarding the rates to be received from the offices to be erected on the site as of greater value than the home, during his greatest creative period, of England's premier novelist. The London County Council took a similar view. The house, in addition to being an inspiration to every Dickens lover who passed it, is serving a useful, indeed unique purpose in providing rehearsal rooms for a host of musicians, dancers, and theatrical artists of all kinds. Presumably, therefore, yet another hideous block of offices, such as are covering the face of London like a rash, will shortly replace this dignified old house from which emanated the characters of Dickens's masterpieces for twelve years. We hope the money-grabbing councillors of Marylebone, unable to appreciate the treasure in their midst, will take pride in their rôle of accessories before the fact of this vandalism. No less culpable is the London County Council.

* * * * *

Town Planning Following the Minister's announcement in the Commons, he was asked by Mr. Kenneth Robinson, with peculiar pertinency, that in view of the fact that this house and its two neighbours were "scheduled as of special architectural and historic interest as recently as October 1954, was not this decision making absolute nonsense of town planning legislation?"

St. James's Theatre Following hard upon the condemnation of Devonshire Terrace, comes the threatened demolition of the St. James's Theatre, one of the two remaining Georgian theatres in London. This beautiful old theatre was the scene of Dickens's early theatrical successes, having seen the first production of his *Village Coquettes* and *The Strange Gentleman*. The fast diminishing number of theatres in London, and the improbability of more being erected owing to the high cost of building, makes this indeed a blow. Not very long ago assurances were forthcoming that the theatre would be preserved, yet all to no purpose. We tremble for what London is to lose next, and shudder to think what it will gain in exchange. It was sad recently to see the last of the Royalty Theatre, the scene of some of Dickens's most distinguished work as an amateur actor, but the war had left it only a wrecked shell. The St. James's Theatre is intact and enjoying still full public patronage. We echo Mr. Robinson's question: What is the use of protective legislation about the treasures of the past which we have inherited, if it may thus be set at naught by officialdom and speculative builders?

* * * * *

The 64,000 Question Programme A new and revised version of this popular series on commercial television, opened on June 15th. Dickens was again to the fore, and under the new plan the champion, Miss Jane Brown, of Wolverhampton, was challenged by Mr. John Greaves, our Hon. Secretary. Members will join with us in congratulating him on being proclaimed the new T.V. champion on Dickens in the 16,000 Question Programme. In the broadcast talks with Mr. Robin Bailey, Mr Greaves was able to give valuable publicity to the Dickens Fellowship, Devonshire Terrace, and other matters.

* * * * *

Dickens as Opera That the works of Dickens have inspired few to found opera libretti upon them occasions no surprise. Sir Alexander Mackenzie composed an opera on *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and Albert Coates another on *Pickwick*. Not until now has the third appeared, *A Tale of Two Cities*, by Arthur Benjamin. A prize-winning work at the Festival of Britain in 1951, and receiving a broadcast performance two years later, it did not reach the stage until July 23rd when the first of three performances of it was given by the New Opera Company at Sadlers Wells. The libretto is by Cedric Cliffe. It attracted crowded audiences and received a most favourable press. Of the principal singers, Ruth Packer appeared as Madame Defarge, Heather Harper as Lucie, John Kentish as Darnay, John Cameron as Sydney Carton and Heddle Nash as Dr. Manette. This is not the place for a consideration of the work as an opera, but perhaps Dickensians who did not hear a performance may speculate as to whether the music successfully interpreted the spirit of the novel. Opinions will differ, but it would not be difficult to argue that often it did not.

LESLIE C. STAPLES

FANNY DICKENS
PIANIST AND VOCALIST

By William J. Carlton

WE have it on the authority of Professor G. M. Trevelyan that in the middle years of the last century the secondary education of girls was very ill provided for, and that they were sacrificed to pay for the expensive education of their brothers. No doubt this is equally true of the period a decade or two earlier, but in the case of Charles Dickens the order seems to have been reversed, and the contrast between the treatment meted out by their parents to Charles and his elder sister Fanny is sufficiently striking to call for some comment. We know from his own account that while he, a delicate and sensitive boy of twelve, became " a poor little drudge " in the Lamerts' blacking warehouse where he earned a few shillings weekly, Fanny was sent to the Royal Academy of Music to begin her education, amid the tearful good wishes of everybody in the house at Bayham Street. Many years later he confessed to Forster what a stab to his heart it was, thinking of his own disregarded condition, to see her go away.

One explanation would seem to be that, although Charles had given promise of a precocious literary bent (he had already written a tragedy called *Misnar, the Sultan of India*, a sketch of his uncle's barber, and one of a deaf old woman), Fanny's talent as a pianist and her possession of a good soprano voice were deemed to be a surer guarantee of potential earning power. Already in the happy days at Chatham they had often sung together, Fanny accompanying on the pianoforte.[1] Within a week or so of her brother's entering the blacking warehouse, Miss Frances Elizabeth Dickens was sitting for her entrance examination at the newly-founded Royal Academy of Music at 4 Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, formerly the town mansion of the Earl of Carnarvon. Her sponsor was Thomas Tomkison, pianoforte maker, of 55 Dean Street, Soho, who supplied one grand and one square piano for the occasion. The Academy opened its doors on March 24th, 1823, and Fanny Dickens was admitted as a piano pupil and boarder, at a fee of 38 guineas a year, on April 9th. Among the thirteen other extra students admitted on the same day was Miss Caroline Foster, who was to become Fanny's close friend.[2]

Fanny Dickens's musical studies appear to have been pursued without interruption throughout the period spent by the rest of the family at 4 Gower Street North at the close of 1823 and of her father's imprisonment in the Marshalsea. Sunday being a holiday, however, Charles would call for her at Tenterden Street at 9 a.m. and they would spend the day in the prison, walking back together at night. The curriculum at the Academy included moral and religious education—to which the directors attached great importance—the principles of English grammar, some instruction in arithmetic and the rudiments of Italian, a language intimately associated with music. The principal professor of the piano for

[1] R. Langton, *Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens*, 1883, p. 26.
[2] Rev. W. W. Cazalet, *History of the Royal Academy of Music*, 1854, p. 44.

the girls was John B. Cramer, under whom were three sub-professors; but Fanny had the great advantage of receiving tuition also from Ignaz Moscheles, the friend and pupil of Beethoven.[1] She studied harmony under Dr. Crotch, the principal, and some of her exercises are still preserved. One of them, signed Frances E. Dickens, is dated December 6th, 1826. The records of the Academy show that, if not an outstandingly brilliant pupil, she more than held her own with her fellow students.

In June 1824 Fanny was awarded the Academy's silver medal and the high commendation of all the masters for good conduct, as well as a second prize for the piano. The prizes were distributed by H.R.H. the Princess Augusta on June 29th, following a concert given by the pupils at the Hanover Square rooms before a numerous and fashionable audience.[2] This was presumably the occasion to which Forster alludes, when Charles Dickens was present with some other members of the family to see his sister receive her prize. "I could not bear to think of myself—beyond the reach of all such honourable emulation and success. The tears ran down my face. I felt as if my heart were rent. I prayed, when I went to bed that night, to be lifted out of the humiliation and neglect in which I was. I never had suffered so much before. There was no envy in this." To which his biographer added the comment: "There was little need that he should say so. Extreme enjoyment in witnessing the exercise of her talents, the utmost pride in every success obtained by them, he manifested always to a degree otherwise quite unusual with him."

At the next midsummer prize-giving, Fanny Dickens and Caroline Foster each received a book for instrumental performance, the title of Fanny's book being *Elizabeth*.[3] This was doubtless *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*, a "roman sentimental" from the French of Mme. Sophie Cottin, which had enjoyed an immediate success on its publication in 1806. In England it became even more popular in various translations which ran through many editions, and an operetta by F. Reynolds, based on the tale, was produced at Covent Garden. It is the simple story of the adventures of a young girl on her journey from the interior of Siberia to Moscow, to plead with the Czar for her father's pardon. Although intended primarily for girls, the book may surely be added to the list of those read by Dickens as a boy, for in the opening story of the first number of *Household Words*, "A Christmas Tree," he recalled among other childish experiences his delight in getting up for the toy theatre *The Miller and his Men* and *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*. We know, too, from the reminiscences of Dr. Henry Danson, a fellow pupil at Wellington House Academy, that during this period (1824-1827) the boys "mounted small theatres and got up very gorgeous scenery" to illustrate *The Miller and his Men* and other plays.

A major obstacle in the way of Fanny's advancement in the profession she had chosen was the chronic impecuniosity of her

1 Ignaz Moscheles (1794-1864), who gave some lessons to Mendelssohn in Berlin at the close of 1824, was the maternal grandfather of Lady Dickens (*née* Roche), wife of Sir Henry Fielding Dickens.

2 Cazalet, *op. cit.*, pp. 139-140.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 163.

father, released from a debtors' prison on May 28th, 1825, and now living at 29 Johnson Street, Somers Town. On the following October 6th he addressed a characteristically Micawberish letter to the Secretary of the Academy, enclosing a draft for £32 11*s.* 11*d.* (the amount due for Fanny's fees) to the order of H. Perryman, Navy Pay Office, payable two months and nineteen days later, i.e. on Christmas Day. "Circumstances compel me," wrote John Dickens, "to seek your friendly aid as on a former occasion by accepting in lieu of present payment an order as above. I flatter myself you will take some pleasure in forwarding my views in this respect with the Committee when I assure you that I shall consider it a most signal act of friendship. A circumstance of great moment to me will be decided in the ensuing term which I confidently hope will place me in comparative affluence, and by which I shall be enabled to redeem the order before the period of Christmas Day. At any rate it will meet with the same attention as before, and I shall have the pleasure of expressing to you my sincere obligations."[1]

By midsummer, 1826, the sum owing for Fanny's board and tuition amounted to £53 18*s.*, "exclusive of the bill from Xmas last." At a meeting of the Committee of the Academy on May 25th a letter from John Dickens was read, in which he proposed to pay £10 quarterly from June 24th until the account should be finally closed. The committee's reply was to the effect that they would be satisfied with £15 quarterly if the money were properly secured, a concession which seems to have met the case for a time. But on November 22nd a laconic entry in the minutes reads: "*Dickens.* The quarterly payments must be secured or to withdraw his daughter." Neither the money nor the necessary security was forthcoming, with the result that Fanny left the Academy at the end of June, 1827. Two months later, however, a solution was reached by her engagement as a sub-professor at seven shillings for two hours' work three times a week.

Shortly before leaving the Academy as a pupil Fanny had taken part in a concert at Drury Lane Theatre, on May 29th, for the benefit of John Pritt Harley, supported by Miss Catherine Stephens (afterwards Countess of Essex), Miss Fanny Ayton and others. The playbill announced that "Miss Dickens (of the Royal Academy of Music), the celebrated pupil of Mr. Moscheles, will perform her master's 'Recollections of Ireland'." This was the piece so brilliantly executed by Miss Lætitia Parsons in Dickens's "Sentiment" (*Sketches by Boz*) that her performance "was universally declared to be almost equal to that of Moscheles himself." In the following year Fanny played Moscheles's "Anticipations of Scotland" for the same actor's benefit.[2]

Entries in the books of the Academy on January 31st and April 24th, 1828, show that Fanny Dickens, then in her 17th year, was giving instruction in harmony at that institution. In January, 1832, she was re-admitted as a singing pupil of Domenico Crivelli, undertaking to give piano lessons in lieu of payment. About this time her brother arranged for her to go with him to Covent Garden

[1] *The Dickensian*, IX, 148 (June 1913).
[2] *Notes and Queries*, 8th S., VI, 226 (September 22nd, 1894).

Theatre, to play the songs he planned to sing before George Bartley and Charles Kemble with a view to an engagement on the stage; but the project came to nothing. In April, 1833, she played the name part in John Howard Payne's musical drama, *Clari*, and other rôles in the private theatricals which Charles produced at 18 Bentinck Street, whither the family had moved from 15 Fitzroy Street in January of that year, taking with them Fanny's piano. It was soon after this that Charles's infatuation for Maria Beadnell and the duplicity of Mary Ann Leigh led to an estrangement between brother and sister, provoking the exasperated lover to declare that he would never forgive her if he were to live a hundred years.

Two months after Fanny's re-admission to the Academy a young man of twenty, Henry Burnett, also became a singing pupil. All the male students were required to wear the Academy uniform, a blue jacket with a button of approved pattern, described by G. A. Sala as "dimly resembling the uniform of a midshipman in the Royal Navy."[1] A strict segregation of the sexes was enforced, and the governess having once reported that the young ladies were in the habit of looking out of their windows in their practice rooms, it was ordered that the windows be painted. An annexe to the main building served as a separate residence for the girls, the gardens at the back, shaded by high trees which ensured privacy, being divided into two playgrounds. Opportunities for the young people to become better acquainted were not lacking, however, and early in 1837 Fanny became engaged to Burnett. It was through Fanny Dickens that John Pyke Hullah, who also studied singing under Crivelli, met her brother Charles, a meeting which was to lead to their collaboration in the production of *The Village Coquettes*. Hullah has left on record his opinion that Fanny was "an excellent musician, *one who knew the sound of what she saw*, and could reproduce it by voice or hand readily and correctly."[2] This was high praise from such a quarter. At the Academy, Hullah also met Fanny's friend Caroline Foster, whom he married on December 20th, 1838.

* * * * *

A memorable event in the career of Fanny Dickens was the Royal Musical Festival of 1834, in commemoration of Handel, in which the students of the Royal Academy took a prominent part. To each of the four performances in Westminster Abbey the King and Queen went in state, with a suite occupying a dozen carriages and a military escort, and most of the first families in the kingdom were present. "Never was beheld a more splendid display of royalty, rank and fashion," wrote John Parry in his official account of the Festival.[3] His Majesty, the Queen, Princess Augusta, Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent were in the front row of the royal box, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Meiningen, the young princes and a great number of the royal household behind them. In all, some 2700 people were in the audience, of whom 1500 occupied reserved seats and 1200 those

[1] *Life and Adventures of G. A. Sala*, 1895, I, 89.
[2] *Life of John Hullah, LL.D.*, by his wife (Frances R. Hullah), 1886, p. 13.
[3] *An Account of the Royal Musical Festival, drawn up from Official Documents*, by John Parry (1834), p. 9.

for the general public. Sir George Smart conducted the orchestra and Dr. Crotch was the organist. Among the half-dozen " cantos " in the semi-chorus, each of whom received a fee of eight guineas, were Miss Dickens and Miss Foster, while Burnett and Hullah sang in the general chorus of thirty voices.

The female singers, following the example of the ladies in the audience, appeared in " dishabille," which Lord Mount Edgcumbe thought hardly respectful in the presence of Their Majesties. He singled out for special mention John Braham, the famous tenor, who though in his 60th year surpassed himself, Mme. Caradori, Miss Stephens, Mme. Stockhausen and Mrs. W. Knyvett. " Besides these there appeared on the list of principal vocal performers no less than fifteen others, the names of most of whom were never heard of before, and very few are likely to be heard of again. . . . The rest, or the greater part of them, are or were pupils of the new Academy of Music, which being designed to profit largely by this Festival, it was probably thought right to bring forward its *élèves*, to show what could be accomplished. But nothing could be more ill-judged. Among so many young women there certainly were some fresh and sweet voices, but not one finished singer."[1]

It would be interesting to know whether any other members of the Dickens family went to the Abbey to hear Fanny sing. The lowest-priced seats were a guinea each and as much as ten guineas is said to have been offered for one a few days before the opening performance.

Fanny ceased to be a regular pupil at the Academy in June 1834, but her association with it was not entirely broken off and she was one of those awarded the distinction of Associate Honorary Member, reserved for ex-students of exceptional merit. By the spring of 1835 she had acquired a sufficiently high reputation to give a concert, or *soirée musicale*, under the patronage of Ladies Cawdor and Burghersh, Sir A. Barnard and others. The programme included the popular trio, " This Magic-Wove Scarf," from John Barnett's opera *The Mountain Sylph*, sung by Miss Dickens, Burnett and Hullah; the aria " Cruda sorte " by Rossini, sung by Miss Postans; and Stockhausen's " Swiss Air," rendered by Fanny (according to *The Times*) " with great delicacy and taste, and neatness of execution." Apart from Miss Postan's singing, which he considered the gem of the evening, *The Times* critic was lukewarm in his praise of the concert and severely censured the inadequate accommodation. The account printed in the *Morning Chronicle* of May 30th, 1835, was more enthusiastic:

" *Miss Dickens's Soirée Musicale.*

" This young lady, who has risen very rapidly to eminence in her profession, gave a concert yesterday evening, at the rooms of the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden-street, which was attended by an extremely crowded and fashionable audience. The lateness of the hour at which the performances concluded prevents us from giving any detailed account of

[1] *Musical Reminiscences*, 4th ed., 1834, pp. 225, 229, 247-53. Sir George Smart told an amusing story of this Festival. William IV was inclined to slumber during some of the music, and while the duet for basses was being sung in *Israel in Egypt* the Queen woke him by suddenly remarking: " What a fine duet ! ' The Lord is a man of war '." The King, thoroughly awakened, asked: " How many guns does she carry ? "

them. The vocal and instrumental performers consisted of the most talented members of the Royal Academy. Barnett's popular trio, 'This Magic-Wove Scarf,' was extremely well sung by Miss Dickens, and Messrs. Burnett and Hullah; but it is one of those things which require the aid of dramatic action to produce a satisfactory effect. The singular and pleasing quartet for the voice, piano-forte, harp, and violin, which was performed at the last Academy concert, was repeated with still greater success than before. The voice part, which is an elegant romance by Blaugini, was sung by Miss Dickens with much grace and expression, and the piano-forte part was brilliantly played by Miss Foster; the other parts as before. The magnificent sestetto 'Sola, Sola,' from the second part of *Don Giovanni*, which was so much applauded at the above concert, was also repeated and went off with great spirit. Miss Foster and Miss Dickens played a grand duet for two piano-fortes, by Herz, in a manner which would have done no discredit to any professors in the metropolis. They are both pupils of Moscheles, and do honour to their instructor. Miss Dickens sang Haydn's unrivalled ballad, 'My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair'; and, often as we have heard it, we have no hesitation in saying we never before heard it sung in so pure and simple a style, or with a more true and touching expression. It was encored with expressions of the warmest delight—a proof that music like this will please without the aid of florid embellishments. This, however, our singers will not believe; for this is really the first time we have heard this sung, in public, entirely free from unmeaning flourishes. Several other pieces were much applauded, and the whole concert went off with great spirit."

Although Charles Dickens was then on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle* it must not be inferred that this eulogistic notice was from his pen; the writer is more likely to have been the music critic of the newspaper, George Hogarth, to whose daughter the young journalist had just become engaged.

Earlier in the same month, on May 6th and 13th, Fanny had sung in quartets with Braham and others at the Concerts of Ancient Music in the New Rooms, Hanover Square. The list of "cantos" in the semi-chorus in 1835 and 1836 is headed by the name of Miss Dickens, that of "Mr. Dickens" being among the "non-subscribers" in 1835. For her services at these concerts Fanny received nine guineas a few years later.[1]

On April 16th, May 20th and July 1st, 1836, she sang at public concerts given by the Royal Academy of Music. Reporting the first of these, the *Morning Chronicle* observed that "Mozart's beautiful air, 'Non più di fiori,' was sung by Miss Dickens in a style worthy of the music, but, notwithstanding the beauty of her voice, and the pure and expressive manner in which she sang, the effect was seriously injured by the disgraceful slovenliness of the accompaniments." Fanny was offered a vocal class at the Academy on condition that enough pupils could be found. She and Miss Foster gave another concert on June 15th, 1837, at

[1] *The Dickensian*, XLVII, 60 (Spring, 1951).

Willis's Rooms under the patronage of the Duchess of Buccleugh, the Earl and Countess of Cawdor, "and several others of the nobility by whom musical talent is held in esteem." The programme included the duet "Esulti per la Barbara" from Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, sung by Fanny Dickens and Burnett. Among the stars was Miss Rainforth, who was loudly applauded, as were Miss Dickens and Miss Wyndham in the trio "Night's Lingering Shades" from Spohr's *Azor e Zemira*. Braham's "Mad Tom" (Purcell) was given with all his pristine vigour. *The Times* reporter wrote that "the concert was of a high order of merit, and reflected great credit upon all employed upon it. The two ladies for whose benefit it was given are amongst the most eminent professors which the Royal Academy of Music has produced."

The *Morning Chronicle* described the evening as an uncommonly pleasing and elegant entertainment. "We have hardly ever met with a more classical selection of music, and we have seldom heard music better performed. Miss Foster has no superior among our native pianoforte players. . . . Miss Dickens exhibited that purity of taste for which she is eminently distinguished as a vocalist. She sang Mozart's canzonet, "Forget Me Not," with that pathetic tenderness which must always be associated with the utmost simplicity, both in execution and manner. Our singers, in nine cases out of ten, mar the expression of simple melody by florid and incongruous ornaments; and often, having laid hold of the feelings of the listener, break the charm by some preposterous flourish. From this fault Miss Dickens is singularly free. In singing Mozart's ballad she did not introduce even an appoggiatura not set down by the author, and the effect, accordingly, was just what the author intended. Her Italian cavatina from Rossini's *Italiana in Algieri* was sung in a very elegant and agreeable style."

On July 15th Fanny was a witness at the wedding of her sister, Letitia Mary, to her brother's friend, Henry Austin, at St. George's, Bloomsbury. She was herself engaged to Henry Burnett, who had left the Academy in the previous summer, and on September 13th was married to him at St. Luke's, Chelsea, one of the witnesses being, appropriately enough, Henry Austin. Soon after their marriage the young couple were living at 33 Argyll Street, King's Cross—"the last house but one on the left, name on the door," wrote Dickens to Cruikshank by way of direction—and they continued to fulfil engagements to sing on stage and concert platform.

Soon after the publication of *Sketches by Boz* Dickens had told his publisher, Macrone, that a friend of his sister's, Mrs. Levien, wished to buy a copy.[1] She was the wife of Edward Levien, a well-to-do stockbroker, and on January 10th, 1838, we find Fanny singing at an evening party given by the Leviens at 13 Woburn Place, Tavistock Square. One of the guests, Serjeant William Ballantine, called her "a young lady of great talents and accomplishments," and noted in his diary that "she sang beautifully, is pretty, and I should think clever."[2] Charles Dickens, who was also there, wrote in his diary: "To a quadrille party at night.

[1] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), I, 67.
[2] *Some Experiences of a Barrister's Life*, by Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, 1882, I, 138; II, 137.

City people and rather dull." In the spring of that year Fanny was taken ill, and in June she and her husband stayed with Dickens at Ailsa Park Villas, Twickenham. His diary shows that she dined with him on January 27th, 1839, and again a week or so later, on Charles's 27th birthday, with her husband, parents, and some intimate friends.

* * * * *

The next few years were critical ones for Fanny and her husband. Burnett had sung at the English Opera House and the St. James's and Covent Garden Theatres (where Macready had found a place for him in his company[1]), as well as in the provinces; but the influence of his strict upbringing by Nonconformist parents caused him many misgivings as to the propriety of continuing to appear on the stage. "I think theatres, as at present used or abused, are to be avoided," he wrote some years later.[2] But when Dickens asked his sister whether her husband intended to quit the stage, her reply led him to assure Macready that they were both "most eagerly and painfully anxious that he should get an engagement." On Sundays the young couple were engaged as professional singers at the Chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, the Sunday evenings being usually spent with Dickens and his family "in a manner which, though strictly moral, was not congenial with his feelings."[3]

Their first baby, Henry Augustus Burnett, born in 1839, proved to be a weakly and deformed child needing more than ordinary care and attention. He was destined to be immortalised as little Paul Dombey. Another boy, born at Argyll Street on April 12th, 1841, was christened Charles Dickens Kneller Burnett at the nearby church of St. Pancras. In August the Burnetts were staying at Broadstairs with Dickens. They had decided to leave London for Manchester, where Burnett had appeared occasionally in opera at the Theatre Royal and where their friend, Hullah, had assured them they would find ample scope as teachers of music and singing. The end of September found them settled in their new home at 3 Elm Terrace, Higher Ardwick, then a pleasant suburb of Manchester. A few weeks later their attendance at a service in Rusholme Road Congregational Chapel, conducted by the Rev. James Griffin, marked a turning-point in their lives. They became members of the church, undertook the reorganisation of the choir, and thereafter led the singing every Sunday. According to the testimony of their pastor, Fanny's voice was one of rare power and brilliancy and her husband's one of much compass and volume when exerted in its strength, with more flexibility and capable of more variety and richness of modulation than hers. "Blended in unison, whether in duet or chorus, the effect was most charming."[4]

Declining several tempting offers to conduct choirs in other churches, they were heard occasionally at the Gentlemen's Con-

1 *Diaries of William Macready*, ed. Toynbee, 1912, I, 471*n*.
2 Rev. Alexander Thompson, *Is the Patronage of the Theatre consistent with true Christianity?* Manchester, 1877, p. 18.
3 Rev. James Griffin, *Memories of the Past*, 1883, p. 171.
4 *Ibid*, p. 187.

certs in the Peter Street Concert Hall, the name of Mrs. Burnett appearing on programmes of February 16th and April 13th, 1842, February 1st, 1843, and November 27th, 1844. A letter to "Dearest Fan" from Catherine Dickens on her arrival in America begged her to "kiss your dear little ones for Aunt Kate" and Charles sent his "affectionate remembrances to Burnett and the children—Harry, I suppose, is almost marriageable by this time" (October 16th, 1842), followed a day or two later by a copy of his *American Notes*.

It was through Fanny's influence that Dickens agreed to preside at a soirée in the Free Trade Hall, with the object of raising funds for the Manchester Athenaeum, on October 5th, 1843, Cobden and Disraeli sitting on the platform with him. On the day of his arrival the joint honorary secretaries, Edward W. Watkin (afterwards Sir E. W. Watkin, Bart.) and Peter Berlyn, took tea with a local calico printer, Samuel Giles, younger brother of William Giles whose school both Fanny and Charles had attended at Chatham. The three then walked to the Burnetts' house at Elm Terrace, where the novelist was staying. "The door was opened by a youth in livery, who informed us that Mr. Dickens was in the drawing-room. . . . We were introduced by Mrs. Burnett to her brother, standing with one hand on the chimneypiece. He cordially welcomed us and asked us to take some wine, and in passing the decanter upset his own glass and deluged a very pretty book lying on the table."[1] Removing the book, Dickens proceeded to discuss the arrangements for the meeting and enquired who it was intended to place beside him. To the suggestion that it might be Mr. and Mrs. Burnett he replied: "No, I should not wish that by any means. I am obliged, but I could not allow that. You must look at the result upon your object in choosing my supporters." Dickens then agreed to a proposal that he should be flanked on one side by the Mayor and on the other by Richard Cobden. The conversation turning on music, it transpired that Burnett taught the singing class at the Athenaeum.

During this short stay in Manchester (he returned to London next day) Dickens also met his old schoolmaster, William Giles, who had set up an "Academy for Gentlemen" at 38 Ardwick Green a few years before.[2] When he went to Liverpool to preside at another soirée in the Mechanics' Institute on February 26th, 1844, Fanny was there to meet him;[3] and a few weeks later she joined him at Old Malton Abbey, Yorkshire, to attend the funeral of his old friend, Charles Smithson.[4]

It was the turn of Fanny's parents to visit Manchester in the autumn of 1844. They spent some months with the Burnetts, taking a lively interest in her new associations and attending the Rusholme Road Chapel on Sundays. Writing to Catherine from Manchester, John Dickens told her that he had spent two months with Fanny in the Isle of Man and expected to return to town on

[1] Sir E. W. Watkin, *Alderman Cobden of Manchester* (1891), pp. 123-26.
[2] A. Humphreys, *Charles Dickens and his First Schoolmaster*, 1916, pp. 10, 14.
[3] *Mr. & Mrs. Charles Dickens*, ed. W. Dexter, 1935, p. 95.
[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 99, 100.

October 1st. The Burnetts also spent a month in the Lake District with the Griffins, visiting Windermere, Rydal Water, Keswick and Coniston.[1]

In the spring of 1846 Fanny was in London, where she witnessed the wedding of her brother Alfred to Helen Dobson at St. Andrew's Holborn, on May 16th. Her health having given rise to some anxiety, she was taken by Catherine to see Dickens's friend, Dr. Elliotson, who said her lungs were not affected then. But in the ensuing winter she broke down in attempting to sing at a party in Manchester and a letter which Dickens received in Paris from his father caused him grave concern. Sir Charles Bell's nephew, who was present and took much interest in her, sadly revealed the cause. "There seems to be no doubt whatever that Fanny is in a consumption," wrote Dickens to Forster on November 30th. "He advised that neither she nor Burnett should be told the truth, and my father has not disclosed it. In worldly circumstances they are very comfortable, and they are very much respected. They seem to be happy together, and Burnett has a great deal of teaching. . . . Don't you think it would be better for her to be brought up, if possible, to see Elliotson again? I am deeply, deeply grieved about it."[2]

Dickens wrote his sister on May 9th, 1848, about the state of her health, promising to go over to see her from Birmingham at the end of the month. In June she was in London for a consultation with Sir James Clark, the Court physician who was a recognised authority on pulmonary diseases, staying with her sister Letitia (Mrs. Henry Austin) at 4 Sutherland Villas, Hanley Road, Hornsey. On the last day of that month Dickens wrote mournfully to Mark Lemon: "Sir James Clark tells me that my sister cannot possibly live many weeks. I have seen him this morning."[3] She was examined a week later by another lung specialist, Dr. John Hastings, who could only confirm Sir James Clark's opinion that her disease must be fatal and was too far advanced to admit any hope of recovery. Charles was now visiting his sister almost daily. On July 4th a change took place which took him to Hornsey that night. "Her cough suddenly ceased almost, and, strange to say, she immediately became aware of her hopeless state; to which she resigned herself . . . with extraordinary sweetness and constancy." In the course of a long talk with her brother next day she expressed some wishes about her funeral and being buried in unconsecrated ground. Burnett had always been very good to her; they had never quarrelled; she was sorry to think of his going back to such a lonely home, and was distressed about her children. She spoke about an invention she had heard of that she would like to have tried, for the deformed child's back; called to her brother's remembrance all Letitia's patience and steadiness; and, though she shed tears sometimes, clearly impressed on him that her mind was made up and at rest. "Such an affecting exhibition of strength and tenderness, in all that early decay, is quite indescribable," he

[1] Rev. J. Griffin, *op. cit.*, pp. 201-03.
[2] Forster's *Life*, ed. J. W. T. Ley (1928), pp. 444-45.
[3] *Letters* (Nonesich ed.), II, 107.

wrote Forster before going to bed. "I need not tell you how it moved me."[1]

"Poor Fanny still lingers on," he wrote to his friend Beard on July 28th, "to the amazement of the doctors and all who see how worn and wasted she is."[2] Another month passed, but on the first day of September he found her in a paroxysm, the worst she had yet had, and wrote to his wife that he did not think such a condition could endure long. The end came the next day while he was at Broadstairs: the sweet voice was stilled and Fanny had joined the choir invisible. Dickens returned hurriedly to be present at the funeral in Highgate Cemetery, where the Rev. James Griffin, under whose ministry she had sat for so many years, preached the funeral sermon in compliance with her dying request. Only a few months later her little deformed boy, Harry, not yet ten years old, was laid to rest in the same grave.

Mr. Griffin has left on record in his *Memories of the Past* a remarkable appreciation of the sincerity and integrity which were apparent in all that Fanny said and did. "She could enjoy equally the humour or the pathos of her brother's writings, but there was nothing of the romantic in her composition. She was no ascetic or recluse, nor was there any affectation of extraordinary piety. She despised and detested affectation, assumed mannerisms, and shams of all sorts. Always frank and open, she was the cheerful companion and the hearty friend; affectionate, devoted and true in all the relations of life, as well as prompt, decided and energetic in the discharge of its various duties. . . . No wonder that with such qualities of character she should become a general favourite. She mingled freely with all classes, and apparently with equal interest. In splendid drawing-rooms and lowly cottages she was equally at home, wherever she met with good sense and good character; for she carried with her everywhere a genial and affectionate spirit."

Charles Dickens himself was deeply attached throughout his life, apart from one emotional outburst, to the sister who had shared so many vicissitudes with him. There are many unmistakable allusions to her in his works, and the following passage in *The Haunted Man* must have been written very soon after her death: "My sister, doubly dear, doubly devoted, doubly cheerful in my home, lived on to see me famous, and my old ambition so rewarded when its spring was broken, and then died, gentle as ever, happy, and with no concern but for her brother."

Perhaps no finer tribute to the memory of Fanny Dickens has been penned than that of Sir Edward Watkin, who summed up his estimate of her as "a self-denying saint, if ever one existed."

[1] Forster's *Life*, ed. J. W. T. Ley, p. 522.
[2] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), II, 112.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Another and a well-produced facsimile of the First Edition of *A Christmas Carol* (paper boards, boxed), has been published by the Columbia University Press, N.Y. and Oxford University Press, London, at 24s. It has a brief introduction by Edgar Johnson.

It is with great regret that we hear of the death of Dr. Gerald Giles Grubb, Associate Professor of English at Wake Forest College, North Carolina. He died suddenly and unexpectedly on May 31st after a brief illness. For many years he has been well known, as a regular and valued contributor, to readers of *The Dickensian*, who will no doubt wish to extend their sincere sympathy to his wife and children.

Dr. Grubb was born on May 20th, 1899. He served in the U.S. Navy during the First World War. He received the degree of B.A. from Catawba College in 1928, and of M.A. from Wake Forest College, N.C., in 1934. For twenty-four years he held pastorates as an ordained Baptist minister; and though he resigned from active work as a minister in September 1952, he still continued to do occasional supply speaking. He had begun work at Wake Forest as a teaching fellow in 1933. From 1935-40 he was a part-time instructor in English at the University of North Carolina, while completing work on the Ph.D.; and in 1947, after holding various university teaching posts, he returned to Wake Forest as Assistant Professor. He became an Associate Professor in 1954, and moved with the college to Winston-Salem last year.

His research and published work were almost entirely on Dickens. As readers of *The Dickensian* will know, his articles were characterised by careful scholarship and the wish to contribute more to knowledge. They were usually based on unpublished papers, and together they have made an important contribution to what we know of Dickens's life and work. He was particularly interested in Dickens as an Editor, and from 1950 to 1952 published an important series of articles, in various periodicals, on the part he had played in the foundation of the *Daily News*. There are other articles on Dickens's editorial policies in general, and especially on "Dickens as a Paymaster." These are too many to list and too various to summarise, but taken together his articles over the past twenty years will remain an important contribution of lasting value.

Those who met him when he visited this country a few years ago, or who corresponded at all regularly with him about his work on Dickens, will regret the loss of a considerate and generous colleague, as well as a sound and always helpful scholar.

K.J.F.

THE "PHIZ" PLATES TO *NICKLEBY*

Mr. Albert Johannsen, whose *Phiz: Illustrations from the Novels of Charles Dickens*, was reviewed in our last number, writes to draw attention to his doubts (Preface, p. vii) about the existence of third steels, mentioned by Croal Thomson and Hatton and Cleaver, for plates 3, 4, 5, and 6, in Parts II and III of *Nicholas Nickleby*. He continues: "Hunting for the plates for many years, the best I could find were the plates marked B_2, which, while showing variations in shading, foliage, background, etc., seem to me to be simply retouched plates. No dealer has ever been able to show me an undoubted third original steel. I had hoped that I might stir someone to check his *Nickleby*."

EDITOR.

DOGS IN DICKENS

By Frank A. Gibson

I

IT would, doubtless, be going too far to say that there are no dogs in authors other than Dickens; but for the most part they are in comparison mere " noises off ". Where, for instance, are the dogs in Thackeray ? They must be somewhere in the offing because Thackeray wrote about just the kind of people who make a point of owning dogs, if only to maltreat them by neglect or other foolishness. " Snobs " frequently own dogs—poor animals !—but even in the visit to " Some Country Snobs " Thackeray is dogless except for the dogs of Mr. Snapper. Snapper is the gamekeeper and Ponto is the host—both doggy names—and that is about as far as we get with dogs.

The leading fictional dogs in Dickens are not many in number, but they are all well-rounded characters, taking many of their characteristics from their owners. (Mr. Jingle's surprising intelligence is well reflected in his alleged pointer, Ponto !) In Dickens's first printed story there is the ill-behaved dog belonging to that ill-behaved man, Mr. Budden (or Bagshaw, as he was at first) of Amelia Cottage, Poplar Walk, Stamford Hill. This unfortunate canine—unfortunate in his master—was " a large white, dog, dressed in a suit of fleecy hosiery, with pink eyes, large ears and no perceptible tail." He immediately gets to work by dragging a piece of bread-and-butter from the table " preparatory to devouring it with the buttered side next the carpet." " You see, Minns," says Mr. Budden, with devastating candour, " he's like me, always at home." Once at his own home, however, in Amelia Cottage, there is no further hint of the dog, whose table and other manners are thus clearly reserved for morning calls on other people.

The supernumerary dogs are touched in carefully in the earlier works. When Hugh has finished the inevitable dying speech, the prison governor says: " There is nothing more ? " and Hugh assents, but then adds : " Unless some person has a fancy for a dog; and not then unless he means to use him well " . . . And Barnaby duly seeks out Hugh's dog and takes him under his care. This was the dog, " as rough and sullen as himself ", that accompanied Hugh to his first interview with Mr. John Chester. " Faithful, I dare say ? " his " patron " remarked interrogatively; " and immensely clever ? Virtuous and gifted animals, whether man or beast, always are so very hideous." The dog is drawn by Phiz, in chapter thirty-eight of *Barnaby Rudge*, as a kind of Irish terrier. In chapter seventeen, Barnaby describes how he and Hugh had lain in wait in the forest for the robber, with the dog in a noose ready to be slipped.

There is the savage wharf-dog on a short chain, from which Quilp narrowly escaped, and with which he terrified the homeward wandering Brass.

And, above all, the performing dogs, guests at The Jolly Sandboys. They were to be fed only by their master, and one of them,

having " lost a halfpenny to-day ", was sentenced to go without his supper and grind the organ instead. " When the knives and forks rattled very much, or any of his fellows got an unusually large piece of fat, he accompanied the music with a short howl, but he immediately checked it on his master looking round, and applied himself with increased diligence to the Old Hundredth." " Cruelty," we should say to-day; " a livelihood for dog and man " they would have said then.

It is typical of the care with which Dickens foresees even the smallest developments in his stories that the transfer of Hugh's dog to Barnaby at the end of the tale is foreshadowed in Chapter 48, when, after five years, Barnaby meets Hugh again. "What! Hugh ! " echoes the other, " ay, Hugh—Maypole Hugh ! You remember my dog? He's alive now and will know you, I warrant."

The village dogs had a great time with Barnaby in the five years spent with his mother and Grip in their happy if penurious country retreat. The village children—unlike their New England contemporaries in Irving's *Rip van Winkle*—were too busy to be his playfellows. " But there were a score of vagabond dogs belonging to the neighbours, who served his purpose quite as well. With two or three of these, or sometimes with a full half-dozen barking at his heels, he would sally forth on some long expedition that consumed the day; and though, on their return at nightfall, the dogs would come home limping and sore-footed, and almost spent with their fatigue, Barnaby was up and off again at sunrise with some new attendants of the same class, with whom he would return in like manner."

Barnaby's strength and endurance thus foreshadow his innocent distinction in the riots.

When, forced by the exigencies of the mysterious plot, Barnaby and his mother had to flee from their cottage home, " it was a day he usually devoted to a long ramble, and one of the dogs—the ugliest of them all —came bounding up, and jumping round him in the fulness of his joy. He had to bid him go back in a surly tone, and his heart smote him while he did so. The dog retreated; turned with a half-incredulous, half-imploring look; came a little back; and stopped. It was the last appeal of an old companion and a faithful friend cast-off " . . . " Oh mother, how mournful he will be when he scratches at the door and finds it always shut !"

II

The second of the principal dogs in Dickens is the philosophic animal who favours Bill Sikes with his allegiance. We first meet him when Fagin is receiving the news of Oliver's disappearance. He is given a good dramatic entry. " Come in, you sneaking warmint . . . come in ! Come in, d'ye hear ! " He is " a white, shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places." His master similarly has a beard of three days' growth and one partially blackened eye. The " warmint's " reluctance to enter may have been connected with the full pot of beer which has just been accidentally flung through the doorway; but Sikes offers no excuse, and reveals that their acquaintance is not of too recent date, by the reproach and order: " You're getting too

proud to own me afore company, are you? Lie down!" (Good for Sikes! Not *lay* down, you observe.) A kick sends the dog to the other end of the room, where he coils himself up in a corner very quietly, without uttering a sound, and, winking his very ill-looking eyes twenty times in a minute, appears to occupy himself in taking a survey of the apartment. He was to see a more dreadful sight towards the end, in the room from which his owner dragged him backward towards the door "lest he should soil his feet anew." The murderer's dog was still with him on the following night, when he sat down in the furthest corner of the inn tap, eating and drinking alone, "or, rather, with his dog: to whom he cast a morsel of food from time to time." Mistrustful as his master, the "warmint" defeats Sikes's attempt to get rid of him, only to perish in a last unsuccessful attempt to rejoin his owner.

Sikes's handling of the dog—one hesitates to call it technique—is interesting. On the rare occasions when he calls the dog by name, "Bull's-eye" knows there is business in hand. The kindlier tones of the name, coupled with such phrases as "See here, boy!" and "Get on, young 'un!" (Sikes is urging the dog and not the captured Oliver, whom he has just addressed as "master") bring instant obedience. Licking his lips, the cur eyes Oliver "as if he were anxious to attach himself to his windpipe without delay."

Like other of the Dickens dogs (and not excepting even "Boxer", the happy-household dog in *The Cricket on the Hearth*), "Bull's-eye's" coat is "shaggy". Cruikshank's portrayal in *Oliver Twist* of a short-haired, almost hairless dog is no doubt responsible for the modern idea—beloved of film-producers!—that he was a bulldog or bull-terrier. (There is not even that excuse for the substitution of a bowler-type hat for Sikes's battered white beaver.)

We should like to have heard more of the Sowerberry dog, "Trip," who is only mentioned *in absentia*; he was on one of his "trips" when Oliver arrived at the undertaker's, and the cold bits that had been put by for him accordingly fell to Oliver for his supper. The dogs at the Maylie's house (two curiously emaciated curs as depicted by Cruikshank) were brought upstairs to the front door, and their tails were well pinched in the hall to make them bark savagely at whoever was knocking at the door in the early morning after the abortive housebreaking. These dogs, "Pincher" and "Neptune," had not been very savage in the pursuit, which they broke off readily when recalled by the nervous domestics. Where they came from is not clear—possibly from an outlying shed—for the regular watchdog in the house had been "'ticed away" by Barney. "So neat!"

III

Having been given, thus, by Dickens a picture of the dog-owner as he should not be, and another of a dog-owner as he inevitably was, we receive a third account which wholly approves both dog and owner. The dog at Dr. Blimber's was presumably given the name of Diogenes as a scholarly if scanty reward for being condemned to live in a tub. He had "never in his life received a

friend into his confidence before Paul ", who was so grateful for the Doctor's promise that every attention should be paid to him that his heartful earnestness quite put Mrs. Blimber off mentioning Cicero to Lady Skettles, " though she had fully intended it all the evening." " Di ", as Diogenes was most appropriately renamed when he became Florence's devoted slave, was indeed a lucky dog. Mr. Toots would have had him " stolen for ten shillings if they hadn't given him up." But he thought they were glad to get rid of him. "And Di, the rough and gruff, as if his hairy hide were pervious to the tear that dropped upon it, and his dog's heart melted as it fell, put his nose up to her face and swore fidelity." Di was brought into the last chapter of *Dombey and Son*. Dickens wrote to Forster: " I suddenly remember that I have forgotten Diogenes. Will you put him in the last little chapter ? After the word ' favourite ' in reference to Miss Tox, you can add ' except with Diogenes, who is growing old and wilful.' Or on the last page of all, after ' and with them two children: boy and girl ' (I quote from memory), you might say ' and an old dog is generally in their company ', or to that effect. Just what you think best." Forster chose the second of these alternatives. Dickens probably knew better than he how wilful old dogs sometimes are.

Diogenes, by the way, seemed to completely forget his (hypothetical) rescue from the tub, when Toots called at Mr. Dombey's and became " particular ".

IV

The most famous dog of them all, Jip of *David Copperfield*, is probably the fullest study of a spoilt dog in the whole of literature. His career is interwoven with David's courtship and marriage.

> He was mortally jealous of me, and persisted in barking at me . . . It increased my sufferings greatly to see the pats she gave him for punishment on the bridge of his blunt nose, while he winked his eyes, and licked her hand, and still growled within himself like a little double-bass.

This was in early days, when " Jip wouldn't hear of the least familiarity." But when David proposed it was no better :

> I intercepted Jip . . . I told her how I loved her. Jip barked madly all the time . . . The more I raved, the more Jip barked. Each of us, in his own way, got more mad every moment.

Until, by-and-by, " Dora and I were sitting on the sofa, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap, winking peacefully at me."

Not that David's trials with this spoilt animal ended with marriage. Nothing had a place of its own in the house except Jip's pagoda, " which invariably blocked up the main thoroughfare."

> There was another thing I could have wished, namely, that Jip had never been encouraged to walk about the tablecloth during dinner. I began to think there was something disorderly in his being there at all, even if he had not been in the habit of putting his foot in the salt or melted-butter . . . He seemed to think he was introduced expressly to keep Traddles at bay; and he barked at my old friend, and made short runs at his plate,

with such undaunted pertinacity, that he may be said to have engrossed the conversation.

" How absurd ! " the critic will exclaim. " Was there ever such a dog ? " Well, there was, and, curiously enough, spoilt not by a volatile Dora but by the owner of one of the great names of English literature. Thomas Hardy's dog, " Wessex ", was:

". . . very uninhibited throughout dinner, which he spent not under but on the table, walking about quite unchecked, and contesting with me every forkful of food on its way from plate to mouth. Undistracted by the snarling and scrunching of his dog, Hardy, who exerts himself much more as a host than as a guest, talked more than I had yet heard him."[1] Though, " Wessex " may also have tended to " engross the conversation."

" Wessex's " breed, unlike Jip's, was " indeterminate " but his coat was " wild, tousled and unbrushed—in the best Dickens manner. He was almost certainly a larger dog than Dora's peke. He had, Lady Cynthia Asquith records, " the longest biting list of any domestic pet. Hardy told us with some pride that the thrice-bitten postman had refused to deliver any more letters at the house."

One is glad to note, however, that there were signs of method in Hardy's eccentric treatment of his pet. It is recorded elsewhere that, when attending an afternoon village function, Hardy began to fidget and complain that he would have to go home now to turn on the wireless for Wessex. It was the time, he whispered, for the dog's favourite item, the " Children's Hour ". The wireless set, a very fine early model, had been presented to Hardy by admirers.

Jip's ending must be quoted delicately. It forms part of one of Dickens's most moving passages:

" Oh, Jip ! It may be, never again ! "

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry is dead.

The pet, having shared the mistress's joys, now underlines her tragedy.

V

Boxer, the carrier's dog in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, is a boisterous animal of uncertain lineage. John Leech's drawing of him in " Chirp the First " shows him as a rough-haired dog, while Edwin Landseer's clever portrait in the second " Chirp " is of a sturdy, short-haired dog, usefully guarding the packages. Apart from this, Boxer's chief purpose in the story is to emphasise the happiness of the household, so dramatically threatened with disaster. But for all his boisterousness, Boxer " made certain delicate distinctions of his own in his communication with Bertha " [the blind girl]. " He never sought to attract her attention by looking at her, as he often did with other people, but touched her invariably."

Dickens adds, in amplification of this, and evidently utilising a piece of personal observation:

" What experience he could ever have had of blind people or

[1] *Portrait of Barrie* by Cynthia Asquith.

blind dogs, I don't know. He had never lived with a blind master; nor had Mr. Boxer the elder, nor Mrs. Boxer, nor any of his respectable family on either side, ever been visited with blindness, that I am aware of. He may have found it out for himself, perhaps, but he had got hold of it somehow; and therefore he had hold of Bertha, too, by the skirt, and kept hold, until Mrs. Peerybingle and the Baby, and Miss Slowboy, and the basket, were all got safely within doors."

There is a dog in that other " happy family " described by the sardonic Raven in the *Household Words* article, " Perfect Felicity." He was introduced, the Raven says, as a pup, and that is doubtless the explanation. Dogs in general do not place themselves in the same category as other animals; they may or may not tolerate them, but they are different; as a carter's whip cracked at one of the Continental draught-dogs would speedily show.

In the *Household Words* article " Gone Astray ", the little boy lost in the City pets a stray dog, whom he decides to adopt, and prematurely names " Merrychance ". He throws a small piece of his " small German " (i.e., sausage) to the dog, who immediately swallows it " with a one-sided jerk like a pill ", and soon after snatches the whole sausage and decamps. " From that hour to the present, when I am 40 years of age " (Dickens's own age at the time of the article), " I have never seen my faithful Merrychance again." So Dickens was a dog-lover at an early age.

A similarly named but really faithful dog is " Merrylegs " in *Hard Times*. " If you should hear a dog, sir, it's only Merrylegs, and he only barks," says Sissie Jupe. But Merrylegs does not bark in the book, for he has already disappeared with his failing acrobat master. The despairing man had previously beaten the dog, Sissie relates, " and I was frightened and said, ' Father, father ! Pray don't hurt the creature who is so fond of you ! O heaven forgive you, father, stop ! ' And he stopped, and the dog was bloody, and father lay down crying on the floor with the dog in his arms, and the dog licked his face." Nothing more is heard of either man or dog until the latter reappears towards the end of the tale, in very bad condition, lame and almost blind, only to fall dead as he reaches his goal. " Now Thquire," says the owner of the *travelling* circus, " I can take my oath, from my knowledge of that dog, that that man [Cecilia Jupe's father] wath dead—and buried—afore that dog come back to me."

Really brutal treatment is accorded to the great mastiff " Lion " owned by Gowan, in *Bleak House*. Usually docile, he takes a sudden and furious dislike to the villainous Blandois, whereupon his master, little less angry than the dog, fells him with a blow on the head and kicks him, drawing blood. Like Cecilia for " Merrylegs ", Little Dorrit intercedes for " Lion ", now—Blandois having hastily withdrawn—" as submissive, and as sorry, and as wretched as a dog could be." If poor " Lion " had had a better master, he would not have accepted such treatment without violent protest. The butcher's dog and the terrier-bitch from over the way are there with the villagers who bid Mark Tapley God-speed on his travels, and we have Dr. Marigold's dog (who knew as well as his owner when the wife was " on the turn "),

Daph' and Juno of Wardle's First of September shooting party, and the numberless dogs in the article on " Shy Neighbourhoods " in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. This latter contains much fanciful observation (dogs who play so large a part in the livelihood of their owners that they may be said to keep rather than be kept by them) as does the article on " the demnition bow-wows " entitled " Gone to the Dogs " in *Miscellaneous Papers*. The tragic dissection of "Augustus ", a pet poodle, by the Anatomical Branch of The Mudfog Association, cast a gloom on that learned Society's deliberations when it was learned that "Augustus" had been stolen from a local maiden lady; and the expressive features of Professors Muff and Nogo were much and deservedly scratched.

Among the early recollections recorded humorously in *Our School* (Reprinted Papers), there is the " baleful Pug " named *Fidèle*, which was reputed to balance cake upon its nose and not eat it until twenty had been counted. " To the best of our belief we were once called in to witness this performance; when, unable even in his milder moments, to endure our presence, he instantly made at us, cake and all ". Of the mistress of this preparatory establishment, however, (the pug was owned by a lodger) Dickens remembered nothing.

VI

John Forster was blamed by scores, if not hundreds, of people, who, with Wilkie Collins, found little or no mention of their illustrious names in his *Life of Dickens*; but he did not forget the dogs. It is possible that Dickens was not a dog-owner to any noticeable extent before he went to the United States in 1842; his gregariousness up to the age of 30 would not have encouraged it; but while he was in America Mr. Mitchell, the comedian, gave him " a small, white, shaggy terrier, who bore at first the imposing name of Timber Doodle, and became a domestic pet and companion." Later in the same year, Dickens, home again, sent Forster a progress report on the little doggy, whose name had been changed to Snittle Timbery, " as more sonorous and expressive ". There was no absurd quarantine, even for absurd dogs, in those days. Timbery, his name now abbreviated to " Timber ", accompanied Dickens abroad, and suffered much from fleas in Genoa until he was shaved, when his changed appearance, which kept him turning round and round to look at himself, affected him morally until the hair grew again. A much-travelled though unquarantined dog, he died at Boulogne in 1855. He must have been about 14. When Dickens became a " Kentish freeholder ", dogs were not merely an enjoyment but also a necessity on his high road, " traversed as frequently as any " Forster says, " by tramps and wayfarers of a singularly undesirable description." He always had two of the mastiff kind, but latterly the number increased. Dickens grieved very much for one, Turk, killed on the railway shortly after Dickens's own narrow escape in the Staplehurst crash. Turk it was who, with Linda, a St. Bernard, greatly moved Dickens by their solicitude when he suddenly went very lame on a walk in February of 1865. Linda was buried under one of the cedars at Gad's Hill.

Dickens was especially fond of his daughter Mamie's Pomeranian Spitz, " Mrs. Bouncer ", and delighted in telling the tale of her jealousy of " Fosco ", an accomplished poodle who had been invited to Gad's Hill to display certain " tricks ". " Mrs. Bouncer " would not look at " Fosco ", but sat throughout his performance with her back to him, the picture of offended dignity. Her " great airs " with the large dogs also tickled Dickens, as did the young mastiff (son of Linda, the St. Bernard, and Don, a Newfoundland) whom he named " Bumble " because of " a peculiarly pompous and overbearing manner he had of appearing to mount guard over the yard when he was an absolute infant."

It may be gathered from George Dolby's *Charles Dickens as I knew him* that Dickens did not anticipate the widely spread modern idea that animals can be trained without occasional discipline. " Bumble " had developed a habit of bolting from his master when about two miles from home, " though whether to get his own dinner, and that of the other dogs as well, never could be ascertained." " Many beatings from his master " proved ineffective until one day Dickens gave him also a strong dose of castor oil. " Bumble " was very ill the next day, and could not take his meals, but he never ran away again. " Whenever he came to a place which reminded him of his past iniquity, he invariably ran to his master's heels; and nothing could induce him to leave them until he found himself in his own yard."

Dickens was greatly amused by the gate-crashing dog on the second American tour. The animal, " a very comic dog ", seemed fascinated by his view of Dickens from the centre-aisle, and brought down the house by a tentative bark at the reader. The following night the dog was again in attendance and stared fixedly at Dickens before being discovered and ejected. Subsequently he came back with another dog, only to be turned away.

Visitors to Gad's Hill, says Dolby, were introduced to the dogs on arriving, and thereafter came and went without hindrance. The one difficulty was " Sultan ", a savage Irish hound who obeyed only Dickens. Breaking his chain one day, and although muzzled, he routed a column of infantry marching to Gravesend. Other rash acts, including attacks on " Mrs. Bouncer " and a little girl, led to his being shot. The story of the execution " Dickens used to tell with a comical seriousness that made the listener feel sorry both for the dog and his master."

Cats were not favoured at Gad's Hill Place, because there were cage birds, but one exception insisted on bringing her litter from the kitchen to a corner of Dickens's study. Removed several times at Dickens's request, the kittens were finally brought by their mother and laid by her at Dickens's feet—when permission to remain was given. In fact, as Dickens's daughter tells us, they grew up in the study until the time came to find them other homes.

Dickens seems to have aroused the instinct of affection in all animals, and his sympathetic interest in them, and especially in dogs, is recorded in almost unique fashion both in his novels and in the accounts of his life. After all, it is not surprising that creatures so closely connected with man—so bound up with his affections—should find their place in the great Dickens panorama.

DICKENS, DOLBY AND DOLLIVER
AN AMERICAN NOTE

By N. C. Peyrouton
Vice-President Boston Branch

FAMILIAR we all are with George Dolby's unique first-hand account of Charles Dickens's second visit to America, which makes up the bulk of his volume of memoirs.[1] It is an absorbing, entertaining, wholly charming reminiscence but yet not completely satisfying to the student who desires a true and detailed history of the visit.[2] The author's almost studied casualness can be irritating; his more unpardonable sin: an unconscionable penchant for the omission of names is positively maddening! The careful reader must notice numerous ambiguous references made by the author to " friends " he and Dickens made in America—friends apart from famous folk like Fields, Ticknor, Osgood, Bigelow etc.—friends whom he wishes were more completely identified. One such reference is found in Book II, Chapter IV wherein Dolby treats of his own initial arrival in Boston aboard the steamer, *Java*, August 15th, 1867. He writes that his ship, having just arrived in the Bay, " the Custom House tender was coming alongside with Judge Russell and his staff of officers, *some of whom became intimate friends* of both Mr. Dickens and myself in the Boston campaign undertaken later on."[3]

Now one of these officers was Captain James M. Dolliver (whom Dolby mentions several times but not always by name) of the Revenue Cutter *Hanibal Hamlin* and an Inspector in the Boston Custom House.[4] The Captain was, in 1867, forty-eight years old, seven years married, and the father of a five-year-old girl.[5] A real " downeaster ", he was born in East Vassalboro, Maine,[6] and had served nearly a life-long apprenticeship to the sea. For over a dozen years Dolliver had been a familiar figure on the Boston waterfront. His appointment from the Commissioners of Pilots for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts dated from October 1855[7] and he was a frequent visitor to Boston Light, a favourite hang-out

1 *Charles Dickens As I Knew Him*, The Story of the Reading Tours in Great Britain and America (1866-1870) by George Dolby. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1885.

2 The best account by far (which, probably, will not be superseded) of the Second Visit to America unfortunately is limited to a treatment of his activities in Boston and makes up the second-half of Edward F. Payne's excellent volume: *Dickens' Days in Boston.*

3 George Dolby, *op. cit.*, 103-104.

4 "A register of Custom House Appointments (Volume 2, No. 3), now in the National Archives among General Records of the Department of the Treasury shows that James M. Dolliver was appointed to the position of inspector in the Boston Custom House on August 1st, 1864; was transferred to the position of storekeeper on June 3rd, 1870 . . ." from a letter to the author from General Services Administration, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, 25 D.C., dated March 29th, 1956. The City of Boston Directory for 1867 lists the Custom House Barge, 70 Long Wharf, as Dolliver's station.

5 From the Commonwealth of Massachusetts *Records of Births, Records of Marriages, Records of Deaths* the following vital statistics:

James M. Dolliver and his wife, Mary B. Longhurst, were both born in East Vassalboro, Maine. He was the son of Thomas H. and Mary Emerson Dolliver (by second marriage). Captain Dolliver's wife was the daughter of James and Sarah Donnell (first marriage). They were married April 26th, 1860, by Roland H. Neale of Boston. Their first child, a daughter (on the records as Mary B. but actually christened Pauline Longhurst), was born January 10th, 1862. Sometime later a son, Watson S., was born. Captain Dolliver died at the age of 77 years, 11 months, and 1 day—cause of death: asthenia.

6 See preceding footnote.

7 Ralph M. Eastman, *Pilots and Pilot Boats of Boston Harbor*, Second Bank-State Street Trust Company, Boston, Massachusetts, 1956. On page 39 the text of the appointment certificate is reproduced. My thanks to Mr. Edwin Sanford of Belmont, Mass., who brought this interesting booklet to my attention.

for pilots.[1] In 1859, less than four years after his appointment, James M. Dolliver, became suddenly a local hero. With Captain Chandler, also a pilot, Dolliver rescued James B. Apter of Brixham, Captain of the British vessel *Caroline of Dartmouth*, from his ship after she had struck rocks at the entrance of Boston Harbour and had been abandoned by her crew.[2] For his part in the rescue Captain Dolliver received a gold medal from Her Majesty's Government and a silver medal from the Humane Society of Massachusetts.[3]

That summer the brave Captain was sought out by James Russell Lowell who wrote of their meeting and subsequent adventure to his friend, Charles Eliot Norton (later President of Harvard College):

> Cambridge, June 24, 1859.
>
> . . . I have been down the harbor with the pilots in the Friend. We went first to Hull and telegraphed the boat, which was cruising on the inner station. They could not come in for us at once because they were on the lookout for the English Steamer, so we had a chance to investigate Hull a little . . .[4]
>
> June 29.
>
> . . . Well, we went aboard the pilot-boat and cruised for vessels with a fine breeze. It came up to my notion of pleasure to be down the harbor with something to do and somebody else to do it for you. The next day I was up before sunrise, and got into a habit of early rising that lasted me all that day. We boarded a bark and a brig before breakfast. Then we saw Minot's Ledge lighthouse that is to be, went up to the top of Boston Light, saw the machinery, also had the fog-bell set in motion—were treated, in short, as if we had been Secretaries of the Treasury. Came home at night with a basket full of lobsters, the gift of Captain Dolliver, who is a noble fellow and weighs two hundred and ten pounds—all which he risked to save a man from a wrecked ship. Does it not require more heroism to venture two hundred weight than a paltry one hundred and forty odd ?[5]

Two years later Captain Dolliver came again full into the public eye when the following appeared in a Boston newspaper:

> A Card
>
> The undersigned takes this method of expressing his obligation to Captain Dolliver and the officers of the Massachusetts School Ship, together with the crew of her barge, and Mr. Moses Baret[t], keeper of the Boston Light, for their generous assistance in recovering the body of the young man recently

1 Ralph M. Eastman, *Pilots and Pilot Boats of Boston Harbor*, 1956. 94.
2 *Ibid.*, 40.
3 *Idem.* The fact of presentation I confirmed in an old book of minutes which the Secretary of the Humane Society kindly allowed me to examine. Other records of the Society which might have shed more light on the Captain and the rescue unfortunately were destroyed by fire several decades ago. It was probably also at this time that the Captain sat for the portrait that was bequeathed in his daughter Pauline's will to The Boston Marine Society. This cannot be positively established for the Secretary of the Society upon the application of the writer, was unable to locate the painting nor could he recall the bequest.
4 *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, edited by C. E. Norton, 2 volumes, New York, 1894, I, 291.
5 *Ibid.*, 292-293.

drowned in Boston Harbor, and also for their aid in raising the sunken boat and taking it to Boston Lt.

Boston, June 24, 1861.

L. P. Haskell.[1]

During these two years the Captain had served "as an occasional aid" in the Boston Custom district so that in his letter nominating Dolliver to a permanent federal post the Boston Collector could genuinely testify: "Captain Dolliver is well known to me as a competent and efficient officer."[2]

Dolby's second meeting with Dolliver must have occurred shortly after his second arrival in Boston, aboard the Cunard steamer *China*, October 23rd, 1867. He had returned to announce Dickens's decision in response to his favourable report and make preparations for the Reading Tour. Happily he records that "... early as the hour was, *all the old friends*, with the 'firm' at their head, were waiting at the wharf to give me a hearty reception."[3] Captain Dolliver most certainly was among these. Dolby upon receiving a telegram on November 18th announcing the expected arrival of the CHIEF (Dolby's nick-name for Dickens) the next day decided, he recalls, "in order to save Mr. Dickens the inconvenience of a public reception on his landing, after the fatigue of a long voyage," to take "advantage of the kindly offer of Judge Russell and Captain Dolliver, to place the U.S. Customs steamer, the *Hamblin*, at my disposal that I might meet the *Cuba* in the bay, and land him at Long Wharf, where carriages would be waiting to convey him to the Parker House Hotel."[4]

The event turned into what Dolby aptly termed "a winter's yachting excursion."[5] The party had a long cold wait for the Cunarder during which time they made a raid, unsuccessful, on Hull for provisions and then, desperate, assaulted for the same purpose, Captain Moodie's ship, the *Java*, which was lying in the harbour. He welcomed Dolliver; his old passenger, Dolby; and their companions aboard and led the way to the wardroom. However, they had scarcely sat down to meat and drink when the lookout sighted the *Cuba*. All tumbled quickly back aboard the *Hamblin* for an unexpected and exciting chase. We turn to the Manager's account for a description of what happened as he remembered it, years later, in his book:

> Whether Captain Stone was in a hurry to make up for lost time in the only half-mile he had yet to run before getting to his wharf or not, I cannot say, but he disregarded the signals of the Customs boat, and went along as if he were going to run Boston down, Away we went puffing after him, and making the harbour hideous by the shrieks of the *Hamblin*'s steam whistle, all to no avail, The big ship looked like a floating village, with all her port-holes lighted up, and owing to her superior speed we had fears that we should not be able to board

[1] Ralph M. Eastman, *op. cit.*, 98.
[2] From a letter to the author, *op. cit.*
[3] George Dolby, *op. cit.*, 141.
[4] *Ibid.*, 150.
[5] *Idem.*

her after all, and so release Mr. Dickens before the *Cuba* got to her wharf,[1]

The *Cuba* did not get to her wharf, but ran on a sand bar, Captain Dolliver was not at all nonplussed, but manoeuvred swiftly and brought the *Hamblin* alongside. While the *Cuba's* Captain tried desperately to free his ship, Dolliver took Dickens off. Dickens thanked his rescuer, but assured the party that he was not surprised, that in fact he had predicted: " Dolby will pick me up from a pilot boat, or some other impossible place between Halifax and Boston."[2]

Happily climaxing the adventure at the Parker House for the friends which included Dickens, Dolby, Dolliver, Judge Russell, General Underwood (Surveyor of the Port of Boston), James T. Fields, Howard Ticknor, James Osgood, and a Mr. Lownes (a protégé of Lord Lytton who had been recommended to Dickens's care), Messrs. Parker and Mills, owners of the hotel " provided an excellent supper, which . . . was enjoyed immensely."[3]

Two weeks later, Sunday, December 1st, Dickens again enjoyed the hospitality of Captain Dolliver. He boarded the *Hanibal Hamlin* to visit, at Judge Russell's invitation, the Massachusetts School Ship anchored in Boston Harbour. After attending their church service, Dickens made the first speech of his second American visit to the boys in training on board. Dolby records, as the author left with Captain Dolliver and Mr. Fields, " the boys manned the yards, and notwithstanding that it was Sunday, they gave him a ringing cheer as the little *Hamblin* puffed away from her larger sister."[4]

December 2nd, 3rd, 5th and 6th were reading dates in Boston and then Dickens was off to New York for eight readings, December 9th to 20th.[5] On Saturday, December 7th, a crowd of friends said a temporary good-bye to the CHIEF at the railway station.[6] Dolby does not specifically state who was there but, no doubt Captain James M. Dolliver, accompanied perhaps by Mrs. Dolliver and their little daughter, Pauline,[7] was conspicuous among the number. He was looking forward anxiously to his famous friend's return for he had already planned, in league with Mrs. Fields, a Christmas surprise for him which he prayed would arrive in time from England.

Back from their first New York triumphs Dickens and Dolby came purposely to spend the Yuletide with their Boston friends and read the *Carol* on Christmas Eve. Dolby's own words vividly recreate the " home-coming ":

1 George Dolby, *op. cit.*, 154.
2 *Ibid.*, 155.
3 *Ibid.*, 156. Dolby specifically lists Fields, Ticknor, Osgood, Captain Dolliver and Judge Russell. The *Boston Daily Journal*, for Wednesday evening, November 20th, lists all the above and one additional: General Underwood, Surveyor of the Port of Boston.
4 *Ibid.*, 170-171.
5 Walter Dexter, *Mr. Charles Dickens Will Read*, V, *The Dickensian*, 38 (1942), 159.
6 George Dolby, *op. cit.*, 180.
7 Miss Pauline Dolliver had an outstanding career as a pioneer in nursing. *The Quarterly Record of the Massachusetts General Hospital*, Nurses Alumnae Association, December 1921, Volume XI, Number 4, contains a brief biography and chronicle of her achievements. A picture of Miss Dolliver as a little girl, which must have been taken at about the time of Dickens's Second Visit, accompanies the article.

We left New York on Saturday, December 21st; starting by a mid-day train in order that Mr. Dickens might not be hurried in the morning, and in the hope that he would obtain some relief from the effects of his cold, which at the time was causing him many sleepless nights.

The railway line had been cleared of snow, and our train was but very little late in arriving at Boston, where a delightful surprise was awaiting us at the hotel, the result of the affectionate thoughtfulness of Mrs. Fields and of Captain Dolliver—Mrs. Fields had decorated our rooms with flowers and English holly, "with real red berries", festoons of moss dependent from the looking-glasses and picture-frames; and Captain Dolliver had sent to England for some enormous boughs of mistletoe (a great rarity in America), so that the rooms presented such a homely Christmas appearance that we were both deeply affected by it.[1]

Yet the best part of the *beau geste* was only revealed the next morning when Dickens sat down to breakfast in his rooms: there, beside his plate, was another large bough of mistletoe which the Captain had arranged with Harvey Parker to have so placed. Dickens was very deeply touched. To his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth, he wrote:

> . . . There is a certain Captain Dolliver, belonging to the Boston Custom House, who came off in the little steamer that brought me ashore from the *Cuba*. He took it into his head that he would have a piece of English mistletoe brought out in this week's Cunard, which should be laid upon my breakfast table. And there it was this morning . . .[2]

His note of thanks was penned that evening:

> Boston, Christmas Eve, 1867.
>
> Dear Captain Dolliver,
>
> Accept my cordial thanks for your kind reminder of Home and Christmas-time. It was highly acceptable to me when I saw it lying on my breakfast table.
>
> With all good wishes in (and out of) season, Believe me
>
> Faithfully yours always
>
> Charles Dickens.[3]

Dickens was due to read in New York, December 26th. Most probably the Dollivers had gone to one of the first Boston readings; they were surely part of the great crowd which heard Charles Dickens read *A Christmas Carol*, December 24th. Tickets would come upon application to either George Dolby or Mrs. Fields, if

[1] George Dolby, *op. cit.*, 193.

[2] *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by His Sister-in-law and His Eldest Daughter, in two volumes, New York, 1879, II, 371.

[3] From the original MSS, the Dickens Corner, Livingston Stebbins Library, Lesley College, Cambridge, Massachusetts. (First published in *Dickens Days in Boston*, 209.) The envelope has also been preserved. It is simply addressed "Captain Dolliver" in Dickens's hand and seems to indicate that the note was delivered in person or by messenger to the addressee and not sent by post. If, as Mr. Payne attests in his book, page 109, the note was written after Dickens's return to the Parker House after his *Carol* reading then the possibility of Dickens delivering it personally is precluded unless Dolliver saw him at the railway station the next morning. Most probably Dickens employed a special messenger to ride out to Auburndale late December 24th—early December 25th.

indeed they were not presented unsolicited, for both were indebted to the Captain for his assistance in making the CHIEF comfortable. Be this as it may, it is not too much to assume that Dickens enclosed with his thank-you note, as a surprise of his own for the Captain, tickets to one of his next two readings in Boston, January 6th and 7th. Except for this double date, Dickens was not again in Boston until February 24th.[1]

February 29th, 1868, was the date of THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL WALKING MATCH, in which Dickens, Dolby, Fields and Osgood were principals. The half-way mark and turning point, as determined by Fields and Dickens, was Newton Centre.[2] Although the time and place of the event was kept secret one suspects that the Captain was informed either by Dolby or by his old "admirer" James Russell Lowell (with whom Dickens dined the evening of February 26th[3] after going over the course with Fields) and rode over from his home in neighbouring Auburndale to cheer for his friend, Dolby, THE MAN OF ROSS.

Dickens and Dolby returned to Boston for a last set of six readings, April 1st to 8th, and then finished up the Tour in New York.[4] On April 22nd he sailed for England. His friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fields, had accompanied him to New York and stayed to see him off.[5] It was probably through them that Dolliver received the photograph of the author (the now familiar Carte Imperiale by J. Gurney & Son, 707 Broadway, N.Y.) autographed and inscribed:

Charles Dickens
New York, Twenty First April, 1863[6]

A second Carte Imperiale, a photograph of the manager, autographed and inscribed:

George Dolby
New York 21 April 1868[7]

was given to the Captain with the first.

* * * * *

As Christmas of 1868 approached, Captain Dolliver thought of the preceding Christmas and of the surprise he and Mrs. Fields had arranged to please Mr. Dickens. He decided to commemorate that day in a special way. The details of the good Captain's inspiration we learn from Mrs. Fields.

Captain Dolliver.
Dear Sir,

Oddly enough, talking of Mr. Dickens (as who does not with the return of this season) to a couple of friends yesterday, I was saying that I considered one of the most delicate attentions paid to him while in this country, and one that pleased

[1] Walter Dexter, *op. cit.*, 160.
[2] George Dolby, *op. cit.*, 264, footnote [1].
[3] Edward F. Payne, *op. cit.*, 221.
[4] Walter Dexter, *op. cit.*, 160.
[5] George Dolby, *op. cit.*, 303.
[6] For many years in the possession of the Captain's daughter, Miss Pauline Dolliver (the framed photograph has her label on the back) and now a part of the author's collection of Dickensiana.
[7] Also now in the author's collection.

him greatly, was your bringing him a mistletoe bough from England and laying it upon his table Xmas Morning—My sentence was hardly ended when your wonderfully beautiful branch of holly mingled with mistletoe was brought to me. How pleasant said one to be made residuary legatee in this way. But *I* thought how very kind of you to remember us in this grand Christmas season apart from our mutual interest in our friend in England and yet so gently to remind us of his home.

Thank you most sincerely and believe me

Cordially yours,

Annie Fields.

Mr. Fields joins me in best wishes to you for the New Year.
Boston, 148 Charles St.
December 31st, 1868.[1]

A year and a half later, June 9th, 1870, their mutual friend, Charles Dickens, was dead. To Captain Dolliver from someone in England, probably George Dolby or Georgina Hogarth, a post-card photograph of the grave in Westminster Abbey was sent for a remembrance.[2]

Captain Dolliver left the Customs Service April 29th, 1874.[3] City of Boston Directories list him as employed as a pilot from 1876 to 1879. He moved from his home in Lexington Street, Auburndale, in 1887 and, in 1889, retired to Provincetown.[4] He remained there with his treasured memories and mementos of his friend, Charles Dickens, until his death on October 4th, 1896, just twenty-nine days short of his 78th birthday.[5]

* * * * *

The sea and the men who followed the sea had always a fascination for Dickens. Child-like he enjoyed nothing so much as masquerading in pea-jacket and watch cap when at sea or walking along the great, Thames-side wharves. The writer cannot recall that any of the sailors in his works are other than attractive, however eccentric. Not a villain! Ned Cuttle, Jack Bunsby, Daniel Peggotty are among his immortals. Captain Marryat was one of his best-loved friends, part of the inner circle. James M. Dolliver was that kind of man that appealed to Dickens most: strong, brave, considerate, and gentle. He might have sat for an "original". In 1867-68 Dickens had only the unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood* before him, but who can say that Dickens did not incorporate something of the gregarious and energetic Dolliver in Lieutenant Tartar. At least, we have Dickens's own word for it, the good Captain provided the author with a final happy American foot-note. Impressed by the Captain's kindness he confessed to Georgina:

> In such affectionate touches as these the
> New England people are especially amicable.[6]

[1] From the original MSS letter, The Dickens Corner, Livingstone Stebbins Library, Lesley College, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
[2] In the author's collection.
[3] From a letter to the author, *op. cit.*
[4] From a letter to the author, Newton Free Library, Harold A. Wooster, Librarian, August 3rd, 1956.
[5] See footnote 5 on p. 153.
[6] From a letter to Miss Georgina Hogarth, December 22nd, 1867. See also footnote 2 on p. 153.

DICKENS AT WORK

By K. J. Fielding

AGAIN and again, as one tries to sum up Dickens's life or work, it is astonishing how difficult it is to come to an exact conclusion. It is partly that the materials are so plentiful, and partly because critics who explain Dickens are like those who write about *Hamlet* —in all they write about their subjects, they tend to reveal themselves. That is why when a study of Dickens appears which is so objective and precise, so well-informed, thoughtful and restrained as *Dickens at Work* (Methuen, 25*s*.), by John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson, it deserves our close study and a warm welcome.

It is not a work that aims at a popular audience. It does not seek to prove. It does not entertain. It, perhaps, does not even give as exciting an account as it might of the way in which Dickens seized and held his place as the foremost imaginative writer of his time by a driving devotion to his work. But it *does* inform. It sets out to show just what the conditions were under which Dickens wrote for serial publication. It takes *Sketches by Boz* and seven of the novels, and explains how they were affected by the demands of periodical publication. At the time of writing *Nickleby*, apparently, Dickens still thought of himself not simply as a novelist, but as a " periodical essayist ". He liked to think that his readers opened the green covers of the monthly numbers as if they were letters from an entertaining friend. Like Henry Mackenzie, in whose words he took leave of his readers after finishing *Nickleby*, he felt it was peculiarly his business to express " the feeling of the day ". Other novelists, to some extent, may not be able to avoid doing so; but, as the authors show, at least as late as *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*, Dickens often deliberately set out to do so.

The authors explain that their study is devoted to examining Dickens's craft rather than his art, though their inspiration and justification is none the less " a conviction of Dickens's greatness as a creative artist." Readers of *The Dickensian* will already be familiar with one of the chapters of *Dickens at Work* which appeared in its pages, in a similar form, on the centenary of *David Copperfield*. It is one of the best as an example of these studies. It is largely owing to Professor Butt that we are coming to realise that *David Copperfield* deserves its popularity not only on account of its easy-flowing style and because it always seems effortlessly entertaining, but because it has a central theme and a most carefully elaborated structural unity. Something of this can be seen in the great chapter, " Tempest " (ch. LV), in which Dickens's opening words, as David, can be shown to be completely justified:

> I now approach an event in my life, so indelible, so awful, so bound by an infinite variety of ties to all that has preceded it in these pages, that, from the beginning of my narrative, I have seen it growing larger and larger as I advanced, like a great tower in a plain, and throwing its forecast shadow even on the incidents of my childish days.

Much of it had been foreshadowed as early as the third chapter in a passage which we now learn Dickens had the foresight to add after his draft of the opening number was complete. How closely and skilfully it was worked out can only be seen if one follows through Professor Butt's exposition of the plot, which he displays with the help of Dickens's original plan still preserved with the manuscript. He shows conclusively that Dickens was not deceiving himself when he told a friend that he had " constructed the whole with immense pains ", and that it was " so woven . . . and blended together ", that it was extremely difficult to break down into episodes again for the public Readings.

No less interesting than the chapter on *David Copperfield* is one on the design and execution of *Dombey and Son*. Here, as well as using the part-plan, the manuscript and proofs, and Dickens's letters, the authors have shown how far the plan of the novel was foreshadowed from the very beginning when Browne drew the cover-design. Our attention is also re-directed to the letter Dickens wrote to Forster when he sent him the manuscript of the first four chapters, setting out his " master-plan ". Forster quoted it as an answer to such critics as Taine who, because Dickens published serially, refused to believe that he had seriously thought out in advance what he was going to write. It made little difference at the time, and none at all later. Twenty years ago, for example, Robert Graves assured his readers that Dickens had " so poor an opinion of his public that instead of planning and writing a novel first . . . he formed the habit of turning out an instalment a month, seldom looking more than a couple of months ahead for the development of his plot ", and that " this hand-to-mouth trick . . . strongly prejudiced the eventual unity of what he wrote." This is still the opinion of many who count themselves interested in the art of fiction, but *Dickens at Work* now gives as clear a view as can be obtained of how he actually designed some of the novels.

The authors may even have under-estimated the amount of thought that must have gone to some of the earlier works. It is true that before *Martin Chuzzlewit*, no written plans appear to have been made in advance, but it is possible to see even *Nicholas Nickleby* as having a theme running through it. Certainly, unless it was a very happy accident, Ralph's death in the old house, in the very room where he had once shut up for hours on end his only son, seems to have been thought of at a comparatively early stage. It is true that the main fault of *Barnaby Rudge*, as Forster said, is that " the interest with which the tale begins has ceased to be the interest before the close." But there is no doubt that Dickens did his best to think it out beforehand. Most of his earliest novels depend on the same technique as his last three tales: the unravelling of a mystery, and " the pursuer pursued ". When Edgar Allan Poe referred Dickens to William Godwin's *Caleb Williams* as the classic example of this kind of story, Dickens pointed out to him that Godwin " wrote it *backwards*, the last volume first ", and that after he had produced part of it, he had " waited for months casting about for a means of accounting for what he had done." Dickens seems to have thought the

comparison rather unreasonable in view of the way he was forced to write serially and against time. But that he was capable of appreciating the comparison, and was aware of what Godwin had said in his preface about how the book was written, suggests that he was more conscious of the problems of construction, at that time, than we are sometimes willing to allow.

Of course there has also been a recent tendency to over-praise the design of some of the later nineteen-part novels. Lionel Stevenson has, perhaps not unfairly, described *Bleak House* as "a marvel of structural unity", but to call *Little Dorrit* "the maturest height of his genius," as Edgar Johnson does, or *Our Mutual Friend* "a superb union of searching theme and significant symbol," is surely going too far. In view of this kind of extravagance it is rather disappointing that we are not shown Dickens at work on the complete design of these later novels. As Professor Butt points out, the part-plan of *Little Dorrit* seems to show that Dickens had got himself into such a state of confusion that he hardly knew how the Clennams *were* "connected with the Dorrits", and it is certainly arguable that in *Our Mutual Friend* he allowed symbols and story to get out of step.

Perhaps we shall get a fuller study of the later novels, from the same authors, some time in the future. Meanwhile they keep strictly to what they set in front of them: an examination of several Dickens's major works in the light of the conditions under which he wrote them. Not the least interesting chapters are those on the earlier novels: Kathleen Tillotson's account of how *Sketches by Boz* were collected and revised irresistibly sends one back to re-reading them; and the chapters on *Pickwick* and *Barnaby Rudge* are of permanent value. When we are given a book on Dickens that provides sound evidence instead of easy generalisations we should be grateful, even if we feel like asking for more. This study of *Dickens at Work* will be invaluable to future writers on Dickens, whom its authors we hope will continue to lead.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

In the Notes to *Great Expectations*, in the Spring Number of *The Dickensian*, it is stated (p. 122) that hair does not literally "stand on end", but it is a well-known scientific fact that it does. In a state of extreme cold of fear the minute muscles of the hair root contract and the hair stands erect.

With fine hair, such as most of the Anglo-Saxon races possess, this is not easily seen, but with "spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheet to ribbons," which Dickens gives to Jerry Cruncher, the "sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head" would be visible.

C. Stuart Bunning.

London, W.C.1.

TWO CONFERENCE TRIBUTES

A TOAST AND A SERMON

IN proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" at the Conference Dinner at Buxton on May 25th Mr. William Addison said: When Dickens visited Sheffield a little over a hundred years ago and read *The Christmas Carol* on behalf of the funds of the Mechanics Institute he was presented as one might expect with a handsome gift of cutlery. In acknowledging the gift he said it testified not only to the skill of Sheffield hands but also to the warmth and generosity of Sheffield hearts. We are all conscious of the warmth and generosity of Sheffield hearts this evening, Mr. Chairman, in this truly Dickensian assembly.

Great men are not always reflected in their disciples. We might wonder, for example, what Shakespeare would make of a coterie of highbrow students discussing, shall we say, the psychological significance of Shakespearean imagery, or the upsurge of the subconscious in *King Lear*. Even Johnsonians have been known to lose the stout commonsense of the doctor, and the sentimental piety of some Elians might well turn the stomach of Charles Lamb, if indeed he could return to the conditions in which he had a stomach to be turned; and after this banquet, Mr. Chairman, I am unable to conceive of any worth-while state of existence in which man was without a stomach. At all events a stomach is a prime requisite of a good Dickensian.

The truth is that piety of any kind can be a most debilitating quality when carried to excess. Fortunately, Dickens had too much zest for life to become a victim of that particular kind of adulation, and for a long time he remained secure from the attentions of either those who worship to destroy or those who murder to dissect of the kind of critics of whom it might be said, as Sam Weller said of the touts for licences at Doctors' Commons, "they puts things into old gen'l'm'n's heads as they never dreamed of."

But Dickens could not hope to escape for ever the debunkers. Hilaire Belloc once wrote:

> "When I am dead I hope it may be said
> His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."

Inevitably the day came when a bright young critic -in the way of bright young critics used the all too familiar trick of reversing the order and argued that as the books of Dickens are so abundantly read the sins of their author must indeed be scarlet. But we don't need to trouble much here about that sort of nonsense. Of course, Dickens had his faults, but they are only the shadows that make the glow of his great genius more real and more human to us. And, in fact, it is precisely because Dickens *was* so triumphantly flesh of our flesh and spirit of our spirit that he *is* still read by even the youngest generation: he is read because after the passage of one hundred years he still rings true to the hopes, the aspirations, the needs and sentiments of normal men and women. In a recently published survey of boys and girls' reading habits, in which the favourite authors of four thousand

boys and four thousand girls were divided into four classes of public and secondary school children, Charles Dickens was the only author to appear in all four. The runners-up were Agatha Christie and John Buchan, who appeared in three. He certainly dates, but his characters, like his places—particularly his inns—have the secret of ageing like good wine and good furniture, to their own enhancement. It is remarkable how real even his minor characters remain to us. I happen to be chairman of a Bench which in Dickens's time was sometimes presided over by Serjeant Arabin, the original of Serjeant Snubbin, leading counsel for the defence in the trial of Bardell *v* Pickwick, and no one in the long line of my predecessors is more real than he. Yet if Dickens hadn't used him he would be a meaningless name to us now. And two miles from where I live is the inn Dickens immortalised as the Maypole Inn of *Barnaby Rudge*. A short time ago a friend of mine, while on a visit to India, was introduced to a gentleman who knew very little about England. My friend tried to explain where he lived, but got no response whatever until he mentioned Chigwell, at which name the face of his new acquaintance lighted up as he exclaimed, " But that's where the Maypole is in *Barnaby Rudge*, and the two casual acquaintances, by the magic of that one Dickensian reference, were friends in an instant I daresay many of you here could match that story with similar experiences of your own. It is on record that Mr. Menzies once stated that for him " Dickens has populated London with so many old friends that I feel I have come home to a reunion " when wandering about its streets.

I daresay that you would want to argue with me if I claimed that Dickens must have had a quite exceptional regard for my part of the country because he touched off its essential character so brilliantly. You would say that he did precisely the same for yours. Such was the strength of his instinct for sensing immediately the spirit of place. But once we had worked off our point about our own locality we should, of course, have to acknowledge that London was the hub of Dickens's universe and Kent his chosen county, so Essex cannot really claim first place in his regard. But the river and the marshes of the Thames Estuary, which meant so much to him during those last restless years of his life, had, I think, a special place in his heart and I can never cross the marshes myself without recalling those evocative sentences in *Great Expectations*:

> " Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea . . . the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; the low leaden line beyond, was the river; the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea . . ."

No one else could interpret the riverside scene of East London as Dickens could—its barges, wharves, and chandlers' shops, which he got to know through his godfather, Christopher Huffam. And as for its pubs—do you remember the description of *The Six*

Jolly Fellowship Porters in that masterpiece of the river, *Our Mutual Friend*:

> "Externally, it was a narrow, lop-sided, wooden jumble of corpulent windows heaped one upon another as you might heap as many toppling oranges, with a crazy wooden verandah impending over the water. 'The bar' was not much larger than a hackney-coach . . . that space was girt in by corpulent little casks, and by cordial bottles radiant with fictitious grapes in bunches, and by lemons in nets, and by biscuits in baskets, and by polite beer-pulls that made low bows when customers were served with beer."

It was all such tremendous fun, and its warmth and friendliness were so strikingly contrasted with the darkness and foreboding of the river, with Gaffer Hexam's boat plying the reaches in search of wreckage, either human or material. Only a man who combined, as Dickens did, transcendent genius with warm humanity, could cast such a glow of sympathetic imagination on scenes which in those days were, for the most part, sordid and mean.

It was the same wherever he went. This capacity for fusing fiction with fact, and making each the more real for its union with the other was possessed by Dickens to a degree unsurpassed by any other writer who has used the English language. The acuteness of his visual sense, in conjunction with his faculty for invoking atmosphere, make both his people and his landscapes more memorable than those of any other novelist. It would be quite impossible for any one of us here to-night to say how much our experience of England has been enriched by our reading of Dickens.

I don't know that he was ever at Buxton; but he was such a one for getting about that he may well have been. But if we don't know what he thought about Buxton we know what he thought about Bath, and the two have much in common. Both have thermal springs and traditions that go back to Roman times. They also have architectural features in common—particularly in their crescents, and both have probably had more royal visitors than any towns not graced with a royal palace.

The Fifth Duke of Devonshire was chiefly responsible for rebuilding the town in a style that made it rival Bath, then at the height of its fame; but it was the Sixth, I suspect, who reigned like a king here for forty-seven years, who would have fired the imagination of Dickens, because Dickens was so much more interested in human associations than in architectural merit. Like Dickens, the Sixth Duke of Devonshire carried forward into Victorian England the elegance, the colour, and the gaiety of the Georgian scene.

And Dickens would also have seen Buxton as a place of resort for the crusty North Country characters he enjoyed so much. We know that he loved the North of England, and how warmly the North of England took him to its heart when he toured the country with his readings, or visited Liverpool, or Manchester, to raise money for charitable causes. Lancashire and Yorkshire always enjoyed doing things on the big scale, and Dickens

loved above everything else generosity of heart—as must we as Dickensians. But there was no humbug about his praise of the North. He exposed the evil of sweated labour in its early factories and the squalor of the slums that sprang up around them. But unlike so many so-called realists he was able to hold these things in the balance against those great North Country virtues of uncompromising integrity, strength of purpose, kindness of heart and generosity of mind. There were Gradgrinds and Bounderbys in the North; there were also the Cheeryble Brothers—and there were those vast appreciative audiences that would pack the Free Trade Hall at Manchester for a reading, and respond to every modulation of his voice and every nuance of his humour or sentiment.

Dickens was hand-in-glove with his public from first to last. And it was never a cynical, calculated relationship. He knew people because he loved them and believed in them. It has been the fashion of late to concentrate on the darker aspects of his genius—the Dostoevsky in him. To me the greater marvel is the way his genius illumines the commonplace. But then nothing was commonplace to Dickens. To the end he saw everything with the delighted first vision of the child, and that, no doubt, is the secret of much of his charm. " If I were asked," says Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, " when all is said and done, what is my most abiding memory of him, I should say, beyond all question, it was of his lovable and great-hearted nature—a nature which not only appealed strongly to those who were dear to him, but which also won for him the affection and admiration of all those who were brought in direct association with him." I believe that is a true assessment, and it is because this greatest of English novelists kept his finger on the pulse of our common and universal humanity that we still respond to the appeal of the man no less than to that of his works and rejoice to call ourselves Dickensians. I have the honour, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, to give you the toast of the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens.

At St. John's Church, Buxton, on Sunday morning, May 26th, during the Dickens Fellowship Annual Conference, the sermon was preached by the President of the Sheffield Branch, the Rev. Dr. H. Kirk-Smith, who, after thanking the Rev. Storrs Fox for the welcome he had given the Dickens Fellowship to his church, said: No discriminating lover of Dickens will claim that he was either a mystic or a saint. He was not one who walked continuously amid the courts of heaven, or wore, what Lytton Strachey called, " The white flower of a blameless life." Few men do. Dickens was no faultless monster, but a sane, practical nineteenth-century Englishman with both feet on the ground.

Nor was he over-worried about institutional forms, doctrine and theories. He usually worshipped in the Church of England with slight deviations here and there. For his sympathies were broad and he disliked the barriers which different sections of the Church raised to defend their positions and so to exclude others who differed from them.

One thing he could not tolerate, and that was religious cant. We see his hatred of this in his Chadbands and his Stigginses. He had also an instinctive shrinking from any narrow, gloomy interpretation of religion. Such, he thought was not the religion of the New Testament. So we get Miggs in *Barnaby Rudge*, who " hates and despises herself and all her fellow creatures as every practicable Christian should." But perhaps it is Mrs. Clennam in *Little Dorritt*, with her bitterness and her envy, her dismal Sundays and her schemes to bargain with God, who portrays *par excellence* Dickens's hatred of the dismal gloomy Christian.

Dickens could not perhaps be called a man of prayer, but when asked by the dying Lady Lovelace if he ever prayed, he replied, " Every morning and every evening." Meals at home began with silent prayer and he always tried to instil in his children the habit of prayer. " Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning " he advised his son, " I have never abandoned it myself and I know the comfort of it."

Dickens never questioned the fact of God. He accepted his existence as he accepted life itself. It was not a fact to be demonstrated but a truth to be believed.

He was conscious of God's providence guiding human life, of a divinity which shapes men's ends, rough hew them how they will. In no place is his sense of God's economy more in evidence than in the death of Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. God never created anything in vain. Even the death of a child is taken up into God's great purpose for the human race. " When death strikes down the innocent and the young," he writes, " for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven."

He would say with Browning:

> " There shall never be one lost good,
> What was shall live as before—
> On earth the broken arcs, in heaven a perfect round."

If a sense of awe and wonder, of the *mysterium tremendum*, is the beginning as well as the heart of worship, then Dickens was near its centre. Standing near Niagara Falls he felt the majesty of God's being. " Then when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the Dead, great thoughts of Eternal Rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an Image of Beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, for ever." Again, he says through the mouth of the doctor in *The Lazy Tour of two Idle Apprentices*, " There are mysteries in life, and the conditions of it, which human science has not

fathomed yet,"—no, nor ever will do, if I may conclude the passage for him.

He was conscious, as I suppose we all are as we grow older, of a sense of mutability in the affairs of men, of the transitoriness of the things of earth. "In this world," he said, "there is no stay but the hope of a better; and no reliance but on the mercy and goodness of God."

Belief in immortality was the bed-rock of his faith. Again it is a truth he accepts without doubt and without question. Consider the closing words of that magnificent chapter describing the death of Paul Dombey. "The golden ripple on the wall came back again and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion: the fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death: Oh: thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality: And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean."

The New Testament was the source of his inspiration and hope. He marked, learned and inwardly digested the great truths it contained. Nowhere is his belief in the self-sufficiency of Scripture move vividly illustrated than when Harriet Carker is reading the Bible to the dying Alice Marwood. "Harriet complied and read—read the eternal book for all the weary and the heavy-laden; for all the wretched, fallen and neglected of this earth—read the blessed history, in which the blind, lame, palsied beggar, the criminal, the woman stained with shame, the shunned of all our dainty clay, has such a portion, that no human pride, indifference or sophistry, through all the ages that this world shall last, can take away, or by the thousandth atom of a grain reduce."

This same character, Alice Marwood, will serve to illustrate Dickens's deep sympathy for sinning humanity. We see Alice depraved, fallen but proud, with beauty of form and feature still shining through the wreckage of the years. Even when it grovels in the mire, humanity for Dickens still bears traces of its divine origin. Man, to him, is like the lost coin in our Lord's parable. Although it is lying dirty and defaced in the dust it still bears the image of God stamped indelibly upon it.

Man is like the lost sheep which the shepherd searches for among the crags and deep ravines of life. He is like the prodigal son, a wastrel and an adulterer, but who, returning to his father's house, finds that home is still home, that there is love there which freely forgives the agonies and the heartaches that he has caused. Here, in his sympathy for the outcast, Dickens caught something of the love in the heart of that great "Friend of publicans and sinners"—Jesus Christ, our Lord.

But I will not claim for Dickens a greater religious experience than he had. He was neither a St. Francis nor a John Bunyan, neither a Milton nor a Browning. Yet the world is infinitely better for his living. The rich treasures he has given to mankind are with us in his books. There we can trace the paths by which

he moved and the principles by which he lived. He was fundamentally Christian at heart. He loved God and he loved mankind for whom Christ died.

Let us learn for ourselves and make our own the great Biblical truths he teaches us—the peace which comes through repentance and forgiveness; the efficacy of prayer and man's dependence on God; the dignity of man, who despite his weakness and his wickedness, is made but a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honour; the mystery which broods over all human existence; the possibilities of life, its failures and its triumphs, its humour and its pathos, and something of its tragedy which lies too deep for tears. But, above all, let us learn his unquestioning faith, his belief in a triumphant life after death.

TINY TIM IN THE MODERN WORLD

The Hon. Secretary was very pleased to accept an invitation, in June, from Mr. E. F. E. Jefferson, one of our members, to attend the Golden Jubilee of Charlton Park School at Blackheath. This was the first open-air school in the country where children who are physically unfit are nursed back to health, primarily by the means of fresh air and good meals, starting with breakfast. Education must perforce be of secondary importance where health is concerned and the many interruptions to classes while pupils are given treatment must make the task of the teachers a very difficult one.

Mr. Jefferson, who is headmaster of the school, is a great lover of Dickens, and to his great credit a Pickwickian episode was admirably performed. The Pickwickians arrived for the wedding of Trundle and Isabella in a converted coal cart which had to do duty as a coach.

At the wedding breakfast a diminutive Pickwick grappled bravely and very successfully with the quite difficult words of the great man's toast to the bride and bridegroom. His statement in regard to the bride—" I am happy to be old enough to be her father "—was received with delighted applause and laughter; every word was heard in the open air—no easy task—without the aid of any modern microphone. The old lady with her ear trumpet, the fat boy, rather devoid of stuffing—they were all there and the party concluded with a jolly round dance.

Mr. Jefferson (who will also be remembered for his great work as headmaster of the Secondary School for Physically Handicapped Children at Manor Lane, Lee, in S.E. London—see *The Dickensian*, 1948, p. 116, etc.) is a member of whom we should be proud in the Fellowship and the work he and his assistants so cheerfully undertake is something really after the heart of Dickens himself.

J.G.

ALPHINGTON

By John Greaves

BEING in Exeter this year I took the opportunity of visiting Alphington, the one-time little country village, about a mile out upon the Plymouth road. This place has particular interest to Dickensians, because it was here that Dickens, towards the end of his occupation of Doughty Street, found a little cottage for his mother and father.

At that time already the author of *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, his name began to acquire con-

Mile End Cottage, Alphington, before the garden was swept away

siderable status and he found himself with a reasonable income. This income, although beginning to be adequate for his ever increasing family, could hardly stand the additional inroads upon it of the financial embarrassments of Wilkins Micawber, or in other words of his equally impecunious father, John Dickens.

Finding that his good name was also being borrowed by his incorrigible parent, Dickens packed his mother and father off to Devonshire and furnished this little cottage for them at Alphington.

The cottage is still there to remind us of the responsibilities shouldered by this very young man. It was, and still is, known as Mile End Cottage and still bears that name on a circular plaque over the double front door. It undoubtedly acquired its name

from the fact that a few yards along the road is a stone marking one mile from Exeter; not because of any association with the birthplace of Dickens at Mile End Terrace, Portsmouth. Actually, Alphington ends and Exeter begins a few paces along the road, just under the railway bridge, but the stone measure is no doubt from the centre of the City.

Mile End Cottage no longer prides itself upon its little front garden, as it did when occupied by Dickens's parents. The road has been widened to take present-day traffic and the cottage now protrudes half way across the very narrow pavement.

A builder's yard by the side points to a builder owner, which undoubtedly accounts for the fact that considerable repairs have been carried out recently. The front and part of the side have been completely re-stuccoed, but a gaping hole on one side still discloses wooden laths and indicates the previous state of dilapidation. The chimney stacks lean at what looks a dangerous angle, fortunately away from the roof, which is slate covered and no longer thatched, as it presumably was originally.

The wonderful view of the distant cathedral can now only be glimpsed down side roads between the row of red brick cottages facing Mile End Cottage. The village atmosphere is fast disappearing in the spread of building from Exeter, along the Alphington Road. The red brick cottages nearly all sport the untidy " H's " and " X's " of modern television aerials.

Even so, the air of an old village can still be sensed in some of the old cottages remaining here and there and the church along the bend of the road. The bridge over the little stream was widened in 1926. One road-widening more will see the destruction of Mile End Cottage, which is now only inches from the traffic racing past and the towering Devon Red buses, which would have astonished John Dickens, could he have foreseen their advent, with passengers peering into his bedroom windows.

It is still possible, with a little imagination to picture the portly John Dickens, or Wilkins Micawber, strolling along, already with the air of a Devonshire landowner and gazing with condescension at the village, of which he could see himself as the squire. But not for long had Dickens purchased his peace of mind. Quickly tiring of the country atmosphere and doubtless longing for the more hectic town life, old John Dickens was back again in London and, to his credit, to take a job in his son's newspaper as a member of its editorial staff. A veritable irrepressible Wilkins Micawber whom nothing could keep down—not even a cottage in the country.

In *The Dickensian* of 1906, Charles G. Harper, writing about this cottage, says: " I am quite sure—unless the unexpected happens and someone steps in to save it—that Mile End Cottage will presently disappear, for it is getting on towards the fatal ninety-ninth year since it was erected on a ninety-nine years' building lease." Here it is, fifty years after, still standing.

It is good to see that for the moment this link with Dickens still remains and is presumably being preserved by its present owner; but how long is it likely to resist the march of progress ? That is a question I would hesitate to answer.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP
51st ANNUAL CONFERENCE
AT BUXTON

By Invitation of the Sheffield Branch

IT was indeed a happy thought that prompted the Sheffield Branch, in inviting Conference this year, to arrange for it to take place in the beautiful surroundings of Buxton, a few miles from Sheffield. A large attendance, representing a majority of the branches in the United Kingdom, as well as members from Canada, New Zealand, the United States, and the newly established branch at Haarlem, Holland, assembled on Friday evening, May 24th, in the Ballroom of the Palace Hotel for the Reception given by the Mayor of Buxton, Alderman J. Bootherstone. The guests were received by the Mayor and Mayoress, and the evening passed happily in the renewal of old friendships and the making of new. The presence of an excellent dance orchestra brought an unusual number of members on to the floor.

THE BUSINESS MEETING

The Annual General Business Meeting was held on Saturday morning in the Buxton Theatre and was opened by the Mayor, who extended a hearty welcome to everyone present, and expressed the hope that success would attend their deliberations. The Chairman thanked the Mayor, who had to leave to fulfil other municipal engagements, expressing the gratitude of the Fellowship for the warmth of Buxton's welcome conveyed by the Mayor, and for its lavish hospitality. The Chairman, Mr. George Mackrell, Hon. Treasurer Manchester Branch, and Chairman of the Council, then gave a brief address in which he stressed the need for recruitment of new members in the branches. He recommended a study of the methods of other organisations, and suggested that a plan of appointing overseas correspondents could not but bring the branches closer together to the ultimate benefit of the whole Fellowship.

Annual Report of Council, 1956-57

Mr. John Greaves, Hon. Secretary, said:

In presenting its Annual Report to the 51st Conference at Buxton, this year, Council has great pleasure in recording the most exciting event in the history of the Fellowship.

Our proudest achievement has undoubtedly been, in fulfilment of our fourth aim and object, the preservation of The Dickens House, in Doughty Street. Thanks to the combined efforts of all our Branches, over many years, a substantial fund is now in being to provide an income towards the maintenance of this valuable possession.

This year our efforts were rewarded in a signal manner, by the honour accorded to us by the visit, to 48 Doughty Street, on February 28th, of H.M. Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother.

After a tour of the house, lasting nearly an hour, Her Majesty,

in taking her leave, very graciously complimented the Fellowship on having preserved the property and on the number of valuable and interesting exhibits collected under its roof.

Appeals have been made to the Fellowship during the year to take appropriate action against the demolition of several houses connected with Dickens and his characters. First came the real honeymoon cottage at Chalk, or what we look upon as the correct one, and which is known as Mrs. Nash's cottage. Your officers were invited to attend, on behalf of the Fellowship, a meeting of the Public Health Committee at Gravesend, which was concerned with the order for the demolition of this cottage.

A typical wooden boarded cottage of the Kentish district, it has lasted a considerable time and it is not surprising perhaps that it has now been declared unfit for human habitation and scheduled for demolition, unless extensive repairs are carried out. These repairs the owner could not afford to do.

The Local Council was prepared to withhold the order for demolition for a time, once the tenant had vacated the property, to give the Fellowship an opportunity of raising a fund to carry out the essential repairs, amounting to several hundred pounds.

The cottage, however, would still be regarded as unfit for human habitation and, unoccupied, would have rapidly deteriorated. In the circumstances it was felt that the Fellowship could not launch an appeal to provide funds for such a purpose and that to attempt to preserve a cottage in such a state would have been contrary to the wishes of Dickens himself.

Better news can be given in regard to the original of Joe Gargery's Forge, situated in the same little Kentish village, which has the same owner as the honeymoon cottage. The cottage attached to the forge has long been declared unfit for human habitation.

The owner is resolved to preserve the building and has welcomed our suggestion that the Fellowship should provide a suitable plaque to indicate its connection with Dickens. That is in hand and no doubt, in due course, a photograph will appear in *The Dickensian.*

The second appeal came to us in respect of No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, which, following our earlier appeal, was already scheduled as a property of historic interest and afforded certain protection. The owners, however, appealed for authority to pull it down to make way for the erection of a block of offices. The Fellowship accordingly registered objections to the authorities concerned and wrote to the press. Strong protests have also been made in the newspapers by leading concert and theatrical artists, who use the rehearsal rooms at the house, of which there is a great scarcity in London.

Questions in regard to the possible preservation of the property have also been raised in Parliament and it is hoped that, as a result of all this agitation, we may yet be successful in saving this house for London and for Dickens lovers.[1]

A third appeal came to us in respect of 53 Lant Street, Borough, whose " repose " is apparently in danger of being disturbed. This

[1] Alas! *Vide* our own note in this number. Editor.

is a very old property, which is likely to be demolished in the cause of slum clearance. It is probable that Dickens would have passed and seen this house, when he lodged in Lant Street; he may even have had it in mind for Bob Sawyer's lodgings and the home of Mr. and Mrs. Raddle—who knows!

Obviously, the Fellowship cannot expect to save every property in London known to Dickens, and it was suggested to the people making the appeal that surely it was rather the street that was immortalised by Dickens than any particular house. Moreover, it is certain that Dickens would have been the last to wish that slum property should be preserved in his name. The repose has gone; the mangling is done; Her Majesty's Revenues are doubtless paid promptly, so what is there left to preserve?

Although, therefore, the Fellowship has no funds to devote to the preservation of properties of Dickensian association, it is doing everything possible to supplement its fourth aim and object.

Our total number of Branches in this country stands at 25, which unfortunately is a reduction of two on last year's complement. Council regrets to have to report the cessation of yet another branch in London—the only remaining one beyond Headquarters. St. Pancras, founded in 1920, was in being for 36 years, continuing its meetings and rambles right through the War.

Our thoughts and our thanks go out to its officers for their splendid efforts and, in particular, we remember the late Mrs. Newcombe, whose indomitable spirit and determination steered the Branch through those very difficult and uncomfortable years. All those who knew her will agree that she was indeed worthy of being a Dickens character herself. As determined as Mrs. Bagnet, as independent as Betty Higden and as disconcerting at times as Mr. F's Aunt, she was a combination of all three and many other delightful characters of Dickens, and we remember her, and all who kept the Branch going so long, with pleasure and gratitude.

Perhaps it was too near to Headquarters to maintain the necessary support to enable it to continue as a separate entity, when time had taken its toll of so many of its original members.

Another Branch in the Midlands—Rugby—has found it necessary to return its Charter, which Council has had to accept with regret. Here again, the support accorded to its meetings had fallen considerably over the years. In spite of the work of its officers to keep going they were unsuccessful in finding new members to replace the older ones whose membership had ceased. It is sad to think that Mugby Junction no longer is represented on our list of Branches.

We must face the fact that time is bound to take its toll and we must face also the strong competition of television—a competition that is being felt by *all* societies. Having faced those facts, the last thing to do is to sit down and despair. We must redouble our efforts to make our programmes attractive; to go all out for new members.

Every member should take it as a challenge—every officer should be put on his or her mettle to prove the worth of our Fellowship, and to show our friends that a good evening with, or about Dickens, in the sociable company of fellow Dickensians,

should still be able to hold its own for one evening a month against even the counter-attraction of television.

More heartening news can be given in regard to our Overseas Branches and there appears to be a possibility that their total may be increased by two—certainly by one.

Council has been very pleased to give its approval to the formation of a new branch in Haarlem, Holland, our only branch on the Continent. We are very delighted to welcome its President, Mr. Godfried Bomans, here to-day.

The Hon. Secretary has also been in correspondence with Ottawa, Canada, where it is hoped that another branch will shortly be formed. No doubt Conference would like to take this opportunity of sending good wishes to those concerned at both Haarlem and Ottawa for every success in their excellent work in getting the branches started and in keeping them going in the future.

To two branches we offer our hearty congratulations this year on the attainment of their 50th Anniversary. First to Philadelphia, which celebrated this great event on a great day of the year—the 7th February.

In this country, Plymouth, after suffering very severe blows during the War, has survived to reach its Golden Jubilee Year, and it will celebrate this important anniversary on the 16th November. To both these branches we send not only our hearty congratulations, but our very sincere wishes for continued success in the future.

Productions of Dickens have been limited this year to the air and the television screen—some good, some otherwise, and Dickens lovers can best make their own choice.

The most outstanding production was doubtless the B.B.C. adaptation of Mrs. Lirriper—an hour of real Dickens, which must have been a sheer delight to all Dickens lovers.

A reference in a television programme to Dickens staying in a house in Shepperton has been carefully followed up, but so far no substantiation of this interesting claim has been possible.

Dickens has continued to crop up in print and everyday use—and has not been neglected even by Parliament, where Bumbledom has been frequently cited; Mr. Bevan has called someone Pecksniffian and for his pains was likened to a Smallweed.

A newspaper, wishing to run a competition based on Dickensian names and dogs, turned to the Fellowship for guidance and invited its officers to act as judges. Dickens has not been neglected on the 64,000 Question feature on Commercial Television and a member of the Fellowship's Birmingham and Wolverhampton Branches, Miss Jane Brown, is to be congratulated on being the first winner of that substantial prize. Dickens has even been represented at the B.I.F. in Birmingham earlier this month.

Your Hon. Secretary has been speaking to schools, to scholars and to teachers, in various parts of the country during the year. Presumably the method of presenting Dickens has been found very useful, both from the point of view of scholars and teachers. In response to several requests, the Fellowship has been in touch with Associated-Rediffusion (School Broadcasting Section). The

response was encouraging and it is hoped that some time in the future, when plans are more definite, we may be called upon to contribute to a series of television programmes on Dickens for the schools.

If we can expand our first aim and object in this manner, the Fellowship will surely be working to good purpose and existing for a very creditable cause.

At every meeting of Rotary, a member is called upon to read aloud one of its aims and objects, to remind all present, and in particular its new members, of the purpose of the movement. Your Council feels that this is an excellent idea and that we in the Fellowship could most usefully recall our aims and objects to our members, from time to time, and take stock of the results of our efforts to carry out the purpose for which we were originally founded.

Are we, in our Branches, doing everything possible to knit our members together in a common bond of friendship? Are we taking effective steps to spread the love of Dickens beyond the Fellowship, and to exemplify the humanity which was the keynote of all his works? Those are questions it may be well to ask ourselves from year to year in not only trying to keep going, but to increase its strength and membership.

Our fourth aim, to assist in the preservation of buildings associated with Dickens and his characters, has been much in demand this year and we have done our best, on behalf of the Fellowship, to supplement it.

It is obvious that the time may come when we can no longer prevent the disappearance of houses and places associated with Dickens and his characters. That is a lesson possibly to be learnt from this year's work; but it is an inspiring thought that if every house and district of Dickensian association in this country had been pulled down and built over with massive square blocks of modern buildings, we should still have that row of books left to us by Dickens as his greatest memorial.

We should still have his humour and those immortal characters and surely they, and the memory of the great English genius who created them, can and will keep our Fellowship in being for a long time to come. We, the members, must make it our business to see that it does.

Hon. Treasurer's Report
Accounts for the year to 31st December, 1956

Mr. E. J. Mitchell said:

Again with the kindly help of Mr. Harry Evans of the Manchester Branch and senior partner of our firm of Honorary Auditors, Messrs. Morris Gregory & Co., the books have been audited and the Accounts rendered for the year 31st December, 1956.

Taking the accounts of *The Dickensian* first, the ready and very generous support given to the Appeal made last year to become "Friends of *The Dickensian*" has given me the opportunity of using part of the donations and subscriptions to offset against our expenses, and thus to show a better result.

The year 1956 was what we can call a transition period; it was the year of changeover from four to three issues. Consequently our receipts were down to £552 as against £661 in 1955. It is anticipated this difference will, to a great extent, right itself in 1957 as we should get the benefit of the slightly increased price. We have to face the fact, however, that we are gradually losing our subscribers both by death and dissolution of branches.

There was a useful increase in the sales of back numbers—£170 as compared with £156, and during 1956 we were able to build up our stock of back volumes which at the end of the year we valued at £93 as against £36 at the beginning of the year. As our back numbers are disposed of it is necessary, of course, to be able to replace them if we are to continue this profitable receipt and I repeat my urgent request of last year to send all back numbers you can find and spare to Headquarters—particularly for 1919 and the following few years.

All the expenses at £857 were slightly down as compared with 1955; we had not, by the end of 1956, felt the full impact of the large increase in printing costs, and the present estimate is that they will be very much higher.

On these figures, then, there was a loss of £50 but the result in 1956 of " The Friends " appeal was £275 and I have taken £75 of that to set against our Expenses so that there is shown a profit of £75, leaving in reserve £200 towards future expenses. The estimated printing increase, £110 to £180 per issue, suggests that we shall want all that and I do appeal to you to retain your " Friendship " to *The Dickensian* for as long as possible.

As regards the Fellowship, the loss of Headquarters' Members without replacement and of some branches to which I have referred previously, is reflected by a decrease in our Income of £24 but at £593 total it was down by £21 only as compared with 1955. There was a slight increase in the expenses which has to be allocated to the Fellowship, with the result that the Excess of Receipts over Expenses was £79 as against £78.

The balance on Capital account at the end of 1956 was £1,150 as compared with £1,045 at 31st December, 1955, but I must point out again that £75 of this increase is accounted for by your generosity towards *The Dickensian*. I repeat then: keep it up!

[The audited accounts of The Dickens Fellowship and *The Dickensian* are to be found on another page. Those for the Dickens House will follow in the next number.]

* * * * *

The Hon. Secretary announced that the President, the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, had consented to stand again for a further term, extending until 1959. He was elected unanimously with acclamation. The Vice-Presidents were re-elected with the addition of Admiral Sir Gerald Charles Dickens, grandson of the novelist. The present Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian* were also re-elected, and tributes paid to their endeavours. Finally, the Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Morris Gregory & Co., having generously consented to

stand again were re-elected, and the Hon. Secretary asked to convey to them the Fellowship's deep gratitude.

The Dickensian

The Hon. Editor said that he had little to add this year to what the Hon. Treasurer had said in his Report. This year of transition is not capable of indicating the precise nature of the effect the formation of "The Friends of *The Dickensian*" will have upon the prosperity of the magazine, but he expressed his conviction that the excellent beginning showed every prospect that with the new publication arrangements, the continued support of the branches, and the enrolment of more individual "Friends," the plan would achieve its object and secure the financial stability of the magazine. In conclusion, he appealed for more "Friends" subscribing annually any sum of their own choosing, and that more branches should join the nineteen already pledged to do so. On the conclusion of these remarks, the Chairman was presented with the first contribution of the twentieth branch to become a "Friend"—Liverpool.

Conference 1958

Mrs. Mary Giles, Hon. Secretary of the Nottingham Branch, introduced the President of that Branch, Mr. Basil Bastow, who gave a cordial invitation to the Fellowship to hold its 52nd Annual Conference in Nottingham at Whitsun, 1958. The invitation was accepted with enthusiasm.

Books Recommended for Study, Season 1958-59

Christmas Books and *Christmas Stories* were announced to be the recommendations of Council for special study during the season of 1958-59. Those for the coming season, fixed by last year's Conference, being *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*.

Regional Groups

Reports were given of the year's activities of the Regional Groups of English Branches, which undoubtedly derived a great deal of strength from the plan. The N.W. Group, made up of the Lancashire Branches, was again seen to be the most active, but the Midland and S.E. Groups were making every endeavour to take advantage of the facilities that can be planned.

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Business concluded with a Vote of Thanks to the Chairman, which was passed with great cordiality.

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The afternoon was occupied by a drive to Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. A leisurely tour of the house and gardens was greatly enjoyed.

CONFERENCE DINNER

In the evening followed the Conference Dinner at the Palace Hotel, under the chairmanship of the President of the Sheffield Branch, Dr. H. Kirk-Smith, M.A. The principal toast, to "The

Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" was proposed by Mr. William Addison, whose speech will be found on another page. The toast of "The Dickens Fellowship" was proposed by Mr. H. Hartley and replied to by Mr. G. H. Mackrell; that of "The Mayor and Corporation of Buxton" was proposed by Mr. Leo Mason, to which the Mayor replied; that of "The City of Sheffield" was in the hands of Mr. W. A. Macgregor, to which Mr. R. P. Phillips, former Master Cutler, replied; that of "The Guests" was proposed by the Chairman, to which Mr. G. J. A. Bomans, of Haarlem, replied; and the speeches concluded with a toast to "The Chairman" proposed by the Editor of *The Dickensian*. Mr. John Greaves gave a selection from Dickens during the evening which was received with enthusiasm.

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Sunday morning saw a large attendance at St. John's Church for morning service, conducted by the Rev. Storrs Fox. The sermon, by the President of the Sheffield Branch, the Rev. Dr. H. Kirk-Smith, is printed elsewhere in this number.

In the afternoon there was a beautiful drive to Snake Pass and the great Derwent Dams.

The evening was occupied with a social evening at the Palace Hotel, by the invitation of the Sheffield Branch. A number of members contributed songs, recitals and sketches. Mr. John Greaves also gave the greatest pleasure by his selections from Dickens, and the President of the new Haarlem Branch delighted with his playing at the piano.

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On Monday there was a whole day's drive through Derbyshire, during which Haddon Hall, the beautiful and historic home of the Vernon family, was visited. Lunch was taken at Bamford and tea at Matlock. As on all three of the Conference drives, the weather was beautiful and the lovely Peak District of Derbyshire was looking its best. At tea on this final day, Mr. Greaves voiced everyone's deep debt of gratitude to the Sheffield Branch, and its Hon. Secretary, Mrs. H. R. Moxon, in particular, for excellent arrangements that had been made and for the equally excellent manner in which they had been carried out. It was with very real regret that the large gathering broke up and there can be not the slightest doubt that the Fellowship owes no inconsiderable part of its success to these annual reunions, and warm tribute is paid to those undertaking the considerable labour of organising them.

A large party of London members broke their journey home on Tuesday morning in order to make a brief visit to Sheffield, during which they were shown over the Cutlers' Hall and the silver works of Messrs. Walker & Hall Ltd.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

"Dickens and His Readers," Gabriel Pearson. *Universities and Left Review*, Spring, 1957.

"Charles Dickens and Postal History," T. V. Brewer. The Stamp Lover, June/July, 1957.

STAGE SOLUTIONS TO THE MYSTERY

By Malcolm Morley

Part III

THERE has of late years been considerable stage interest in Dickens's unfinished novel and at least five new Drood dramas have been added to the number on the stocks.

An ingenious solution, the most imaginative of all, was advanced in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* by Jane Bacon and Felix Aylmer, produced at the Rudolf Steiner Hall on April 21st, 1951. The latter half of the play, the work of Aylmer alone, introduced the story of a vendetta; a blood feud originating in the East where, years ago, Edwin's father had loved an Arabian woman. Jasper is the child of this alliance and, in consequence, the half-brother of Edwin whom he seeks to shield from an avenging Egyptian. It is an ending that disagrees with every other seen in the theatre. This case for John Jasper has been well argued by Felix Aylmer in past issues of *The Dickensian*.

A return to the more orthodox was made by Edward Purchase in his dramatisation of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* at St. Paul's Hall, Clifton, on February 24th, 1952.[1] In this Jasper has murder in his heart, brooding ever on the crime he would commit. Edwin disappears from Cloisterham suddenly and the drug-sodden choirmaster is in a state of collapse thinking he has done away with the young man. But Edwin returns in the guise of Datchery. His watchful eye is on the wretched Jasper, who is to meet his end by the hand of the old opium vendor, Princess Puffer.

John Jasper's Secret, by Eric-Jones-Evans, published about the same time by Samuel French, is dramatically effective and has a solution that links up consistently with the chapters of Dickens. Jasper, guilty of his nephew's death, plots for Neville to be accused of the deed. Garbed as a Lascar sailor, Neville's twin sister, Helena, visits the opium den where the choirmaster indulges his vice. From the drugged man's lips she learns the truth and his guilt is substantiated when the betrothal ring of Edwin and Rosa is found in the ashes to which the body of Edwin was reduced by lime. Back in Cloisterham, Jasper, in jumping from the Cathedral tower, is caught by his scarf and hanged. Retribution indeed.

The most recent dramatisation is *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* by Victor Simons, first given in Birmingham on March 24th, 1956. Here, Helena masquerades as Datchery and in this character listens to Jasper's ramblings. The betrothal ring is mentioned, most significant clue of all. Proof leading to the arrest of the choirmaster comes from the stonemason, Durdles, who has found the strangled Edwin in the tomb of Mrs. Sapsea with Jasper's scarf round his throat.

Other stage versions have been prepared if not performed. Tom Mason, of the Dickens Players of Palmer's Green, promised to add *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* to his long list of adaptations, but the coming of the last World War halted its production.

[1] The Bristol and Clifton Dickens had previously produced, in 1937, *Edwin Drood*, by Edward Purchase and Irving Robins, in which Jasper only dreamed of the murder, Edwin married Rosa and Datchery is Neville.

Ross Barrington, shortly before his death in 1952, dramatised the novel and there is news of a version being made by John Patrick, the author of *The Tea House of the August Moon*.

To glance back at some oddments. There was a one-act burlesque, *Edwin Drood Revealed*, by Thomas K. Ober and J. K. Thompson, played on February 7th, 1922, in Philadelphia. Termed a Christmas Fantasy, the piece brought together a dozen or more Dickens characters, among them being Scrooge, Pickwick and Dolly Varden. With barely a pretence of plot it was a feast of tediosity. Extracts taken by J. Cooper Sands from the novel have been performed here, there and everywhere. These collected in book form include *Rosa seeks her Guardian, Looking for Lodgings, Mrs. Billickins of Bloomsbury Square* and *Miss Twinkleton Arrives*. All are from the lighter passages and completely avoid the hysterical dramatics of John Jasper. The same applies to another published item, *Mr. Edwin Drood to see Miss Rosa*, arranged by Mary Farrah.

Although films have not previously been dealt with in this series, it may be useful to students of the Mystery to mention here the two versions that have appeared upon the screen. The first was made by Gaumont British in 1914, directed by Herbert Blanche, with Tom Terriss as Edwin. A review will be found in *The Dickensian*, 1916, p. 61, which clearly demonstrates the film's complete worthlessness. A striking feature of it is the chase of Neville, as the suspected murderer, in the best " Western " style of the silent films. Jasper attempts the murder and mistakenly supposes he has succeeded until, driven frantic by what he supposes to be the ghost of his victim, he loses his life when the Gatehouse is burned down. The second version was made by Universal in 1935. Directed by Stuart Walker, Claude Rains was the Jasper, Douglas Montgomery the Neville, Heather Angel the Rosa, Valerie Hobson the Helena, and Francis Sullivan the Crisparkle. The review that appeared in *The Dickensian*, 1935, p. 231, shows that this was not much better. Edwin was murdered and buried in quicklime in the cathedral crypt, and Jasper met his end by jumping off the tower. Datchery was Neville, who eventually married Rosa. A note in *The Dickensian* in 1920 speaks of another projected film with a conclusion by W. W. Crotch, but apparently this did not materialise.

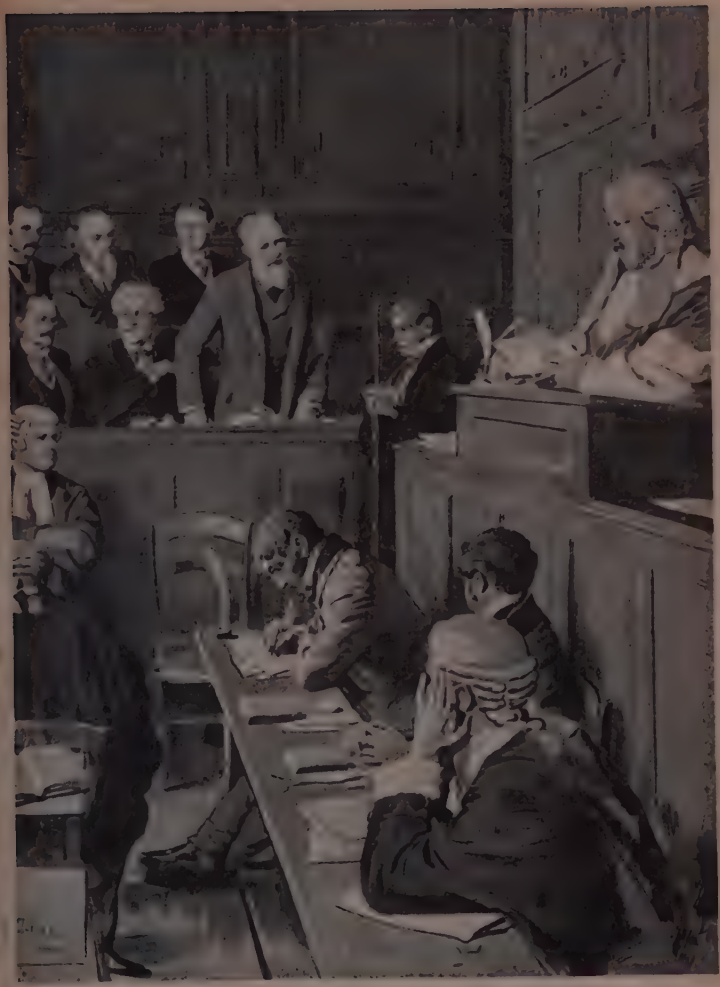
Similarly, for record purposes, we may mention two versions broadcast by the B.B.C. The first was a three-part serial by Audrey Lucas, daughter of " E.V.", which was heard in September, 1941. No one solution was put forward, but most of the various theories were set forth in the form of a trial scene, in which all the characters and others concerned gave their evidence. Malcolm Keen was the Jasper. The second was by Mollie Greenhalgh, and broadcast in December 1951, with Michael Hordern as Jasper. In this, Jasper's false evidence occasioned the suicide of Neville, Edwin escaped and fled to Egypt, Bazzard (as Datchery), Grewgious and Helena trap Jasper, who throws himself from the tower. There was a further adaptation on the television screen in America about 1952, but it has not been possible to obtain details.

In the majority of solutions, contributed since the publication

of the original chapters, Jasper is established as the murderer, or would-be murderer, of Edwin. Presuming Dickens intended this, it might also be presumed that he intended the guilty man to be tried for the deed, which event would be reached in the latter part of his work. The suggestion of a Trial inspired an entertainment at King's Hall, Covent Garden, given on January 7th, 1914. *The Trial of John Jasper* was not a play in the accepted sense, rather a debate in the shape of an elaborated charade. It was an impromptu performance, a mock trial duplicating the procedure of the law. Characters from the story were impersonated by interested literary personalities of that day. Each spoke for the part in his own words, not forgetting to quote Dickens occasionally. The game was one of make-believe, in which all present participated. The accused was represented by Frederick T. Harry. G. K. Chesterton sat as Judge with J. Cumming Walters and B. W. Matz for the Prosecution, whilst Cecil Chesterton and W. Walter Crotch were briefed for the Defence. Witnesses were called and questioned, one of them being that true-blue Dickensian, Bransby Williams, as Durdles. There were speeches for the Prosecution, for the Defence, and a summing-up from the Judge. The Jury, composed of well-known writers, was asked to consider its verdict. George Bernard Shaw, the Foreman, immediately rose and said: " My Lord, I am happy to be able to announce to your Lordship that we, following the tradition and practice of British Juries, have arranged our verdict in the luncheon interval. I should explain, my Lord, that it undoubtedly presented itself to us as a point of extraordinary difficulty in this case, that a man should disappear absolutely and completely, having cut off all communication with his friends in Cloisterham; but having seen and heard the society and conversation of Cloisterham here in Court to-day, we no longer feel the slightest surprise at that. Now, under the influence of that observation, my Lord, the more extreme characters, if they will allow me to say so in this Jury were at first inclined to find a verdict of Not Guilty, because there was no evidence of a murder having been committed; but, on the other hand, the calmer and more judicious spirits among us felt that to allow a man who had committed a cold-blooded murder of which his own nephew was the victim, to leave the dock absolutely unpunished, was a proceeding which would probably lead to our all being murdered in our beds. And so you will be glad to learn that the spirit of compromise and moderation prevailed, and we find the prisoner guilty of Manslaughter. We recommend him most earnestly to your Lordship's mercy, whilst at the same time begging your Lordship to remember that the protection of the lives of the community is in your hands, and begging you not to allow any sentimental consideration to deter you from applying the law in its utmost vigour."

After discharging the Jury, G. K. Chesterton, the Judge, ended the Trial with these words: " My decision is that everybody here, except myself, be committed for Contempt of Court. Off you all go to prison without any trial whatever ! "

Mock Trials of John Jasper were held in other cities: Philadelphia in 1914, Toronto in 1922, and Montreal in 1931, which,



THE TRIAL OF JOHN JASPER, 1914
By F. Matania

G. K. Chesterton as the judge. The jury, reading from right to left: front row, G. Bernard Shaw, Francesco Berger, Arthur Morrison; second row, Justin Huntley McCarthy, William de Morgan, William Archer. The clerk (in wig) standing in front of the jury-box is Walter Dexter.

By courtesy of *The Sphere*.

more or less, duplicated the London pattern. Those at Philadelphia and Toronto were subsequently published. Among readers of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Jasper will always be on trial. He will be pronounced Guilty by most, Not Guilty by a few and, perhaps, Not Proven by others. Agreement may never be reached. The case is surely the most fascinating, perplexing and contradictory in the wide range of English fiction.

(*Concluded*)

NOTES ON *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

By T. W. Hill

Continued from page 126

Chapter X

8. SNARLING PASSAGE FROM "RICHARD III". Act i, scene 3, containing the unfriendly conversation between Richard Duke of Gloucester and Queen Margaret is full of snarling passages about relationships, especially in lines 175-182:

> "The curse my noble father laid on thee,
> When thou didst crown his war-like brow with paper,
> And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
> And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
> Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland—
> His curses, then from bitterness of soul
> Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
> And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed."

9. TWO ONE-POUND NOTES. Notes for £1 and 10/- are since 1914 current, but before that date and ever since 1826 no note of less value than £5 was used in England. £5 notes were (and are) issued in London by the Bank of England and in the provinces by a bank outside a sixty-five mile radius from London, thus giving a virtual monopoly to the Bank of England. The period of the story is therefore placed before 1826. Scottish and Irish banks were permitted to issue one-pound notes. In 1914 currency notes valued £1 and 10/- were issued by the Treasury and hence were popularly known as Treasury Notes, and these caused the disappearance of the sovereign and half-sovereign from circulation; the Currency Notes were discontinued in 1928 when the Bank of England began the issue of the present £1 and 10/- notes.

Chapter XI

1. LONG BEFORE YOU WERE BORN. See chapter xlii, note 1 and Introductory.

Chapter XII

1. EIGHT OR TEN MONTHS. Pip was by this time nearly nine. See chapter vii, note 6.

2. OLD CLEM. A blacksmiths' chorus to St. Clement, whose emblem is an anchor. It was used as a marching song by the blacksmiths of Chatham Dockyard at their annual festival on St. Clement's Day, November 23rd. Set out in rhymed verse it runs:

> " Hammer boys round—Old Clem;
> With a thump and a sound—Old Clem;
> Beat it out, beat it out—Old Clem;
> With a clink for the stout—Old Clem;
> Blow the fire, blow the fire—Old Clem;
> Roaring drier, soaring higher—Old Clem."

3. A LONG TIME. Although it is stated earlier in this chapter that a " period of at least eight or ten months " is summed up, this " long time " must have been at least five years; as Pip was to be " apprenticed at once ". The usual term of apprenticeship was seven years from the age of fourteen to twenty-one. See also chapter xviii, note 1.

CHAPTER XIII

1. WEIGHING IT BY THE BRIM. Joe was not accustomed to wearing a top hat and his tender treatment, almost fear, of that article of " state " attire assumes another form when he visited Pip and Herbert in the Temple in chapter xxvii.

2. FIVE AND TWENTY GUINEAS. The guinea was in circulation till 1817., and remained colloquially the name for a sum of 21s. after the actual coin ceased to be issued.

3. YOUNG RANTIPOLE. From Ranty, to bluster or rave, and Poll, a head; a wildish, romping boy or girl. Napoleon III bore this nickname for his escapades in Strasbourg and Boulogne; in 1852 a Frenchman who called his dog Rantipole was ordered by the police to leave Paris. (Brewer.)

4. FIVE AND TWENTY POUND. One assumes that Joe's natural modesty reduced the guineas to pounds, although the bag was in his hand.

5. TOWN HALL. The Guildhall at Rochester—" Up town " of chapter vii; " The market town " of chapter viii; " town " in many chapters; and elsewhere in the book " Our Town "—dates from 1687; it is opposite the Bull Inn. The interior, fitted up as a court of justice, has been modified to some extent since Dickens's day, but many of the wooden partitions still remain and give the chamber some resemblance to an old-fashioned church or meeting-house, with box pews.

6. THREW HIS BLOOD-STAINED SWORD. See chapter vii, note 5.

7. O LADY FAIR. A " ballad for three voices ", words and music by Thomas Moore. This harmless little ditty was at one time extremely popular. It is easy to sing and to memorise and one can realise that a small company walking along the street would have no difficulty in sustaining each his own part.

Chapter XV

1. WHEN I WENT UP TO LUNNON TOWN, SIRS. Lightwood thinks these lines are probably Dickens's own version of either (1) The Astonished Countryman ("When first I came to London Town"), or (2) a song in the Universal Songster ("When I arrived in London Town").

2. SHARK-HEADED SCREWS. What the trade term "round-headed". The early screws were flat-headed and had no points.—*The Dickensian*, 1936, page 315.

3. TRAGEDY OF GEORGE BARNWELL. A play by George Lillo that was very popular and was constantly revived, especially on Boxing Night, besides being in the repertory of toy theatres. It was a great favourite with Dickens and is often referred to in his books. The plot is shortly that Barnwell, a London apprentice, falls in love with Sarah Millwood, who leads him astray. He robs his master of £200 and, still egged on by Millwood, robs his uncle and finally murders him at Camberwell. When the proceeds of his robberies are all gone, Millwood informs against him and both are hanged at Newgate.

4. TURNPIKE LAMP. The turnpike gate was at the bottom of Strood hill, half a mile from Rochester bridge at the junction of the road to Cliffe and the main road to London. It was removed in 1876.

5. CAMBERWELL. See note 3 above.

6. BOSWORTH FIELD. A reference to the final scene in Shakespeare's *King Richard the Third*.

7. AGONIES AT GLASTONBURY. Many commentators have tried to trace the source of this allusion but so far without success. It appears likely that Dickens may have been thinking of the death-scene in *King John* by Shakespeare, in which act v, scene 7 is laid in the orchard of Swinstead Abbey, and that he made a slip in calling it Glastonbury. Certainly great actors of the past have taken full advantage of the tragic possibilities of the scene, among others Garrick, J. P. Kemble, Macready, Phelps, Charles Kean and Beerbohm Tree. Dickens saw Macready act this part in 1842 and went behind the scenes after the performance to congratulate his friend. In 1836 Macready recorded in his diary: "My dying scene was the best." One can imagine Macready's writhings and contortions as he spoke these lines:

> "... all my bowels crumble up to dust;
> I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
> Upon a parchment; and against this fire
> Do I shrink up ...
> Within me is a hell; and there the poison
> Is, as a friend."

(*To be continued*)

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1956

1955.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	1955.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£				£			
55	To Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand 31st December, 1955 ..		36 7 6	661	By Sales, including Subscriptions		551 19 11
2	,, Purchases	.. ..	16 10 0	156	,, Sales—Back Numbers		169 17 11
464	,, Printing	374 19 0		56	,, Advertising Receipts		29 7 6
24	,, Blocks	19 2 4		37	,, Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand, 31st December, 1956 ..		92 12 6
51	,, Binding	90 2 8		86	,, Loss for year		— — —
40	,, Postages on Magazine	38 13 10		—	,, Transfer from Reserve (provided by Friends of *The Dickensian*		75 0 0
			522 17 10				
35	,, Rent	35 0 0					
247	,, Publishing and Clerical Assistance	217 1 10					
33	,, Stationery	8 14 9					
32	,, Sundry Postages and General Expenses ..	33 8 7					
—	,, Advertising	10 4 0					
10	,, Audit Fee	10 10 0					
1	,, Bad Debts	1 11 6					
			316 10 8				
2	,, Discounts	.. ..	0 18 3				
—	,, Net Profit for year	.. ..	25 13 7				
£996			£918 17 10	£996			£918 17 10

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1956

1955.	Liabilities.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	1955.	Assets.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	Creditors:			£			
44	The Dickens House	90 10 11		609	Cash at Bank and in Hand		826 2 0
3	Fellowship Branches	22 8 11			Debtors—		
173	Sundry	37 9 5			Fellowship Branches	63 15 6	
			150 9 3		Sundry	39 16 10	
	Reserve as at 31st December, 1955	377 4 11				103 12 4	
	Add Donations received during year (from Friends of *The Dickensian*)	275 9 9			*Less* Reserve for Returns	5 0 0	
		652 14 8		104			98 12 4
	Less Transfer to Profit and Loss Account ..	75 0 0			Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand—		
377			577 14 8	36	As certified by the Hon. Treasurer		92 12 6
124	Subscriptions Received in Advance	.. ..	117 16 7				
	The Dickens Fellowship—						
	Current Account	145 12 9					
	Add Net Profit for year to 31st December, 1956	25 13 7					
28			171 6 4				
£749			£1017 6 10	£749			£1017 6 10

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and relative Profit and Loss Account with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship relating to *The Dickensian* and we certify them to be in accordance therewith.

3 York Street, Manchester 2.
1st May, 1957.

MORRIS, GREGORY & Co.,
Chartered Accountants,
Auditors.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Dr. Income and Expenditure Account for the Year ended 31st December, 1956. Cr.

1955.	Expenditure.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£ £			
103	To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates	73 14 0	
742	„ Salaries	£754 15 0	
371	*Less* Contribution by Dickens House	377 7 6	
— 371		377 7 6	
47	„ Printing and Stationery	48 9 0	
95	„ General Expenses and Postages	103 11 4	
616		603 1 10	
247	*Less* Amount charged to *The Dickensian*	£217 1 10	
52	Amount charged to Costume Department ...	52 0 0	
— 299		269 1 10	
317			334 0 0
119	„ *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters' Members ...		89 5 4
14	„ *The Dickensian* supplied to Branch Secretaries		10 2 6
17	„ Meetings		30 1 9
11	„ Contributions to Charitable Purposes Account		22 2 10
2	„ Depreciation of Library Pictures and Furniture		2 4 0
77	Premium on Miss D. L. Minard's Deferred Annuity	76 19 0	
51	*Less* Contributed by Dickens House	51 6 0	
— 26			25 13 0
108	„ Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure ...		79 10 4
£614			£592 19 9

1955.	Income.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
	By Subscriptions—		
493	Headquarters' Members	480 19 11	
80	Branches...	67 16 5	
12	„ Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund, less tax	12 12 11	
			561 9 3
18	„ Refund of Income Tax		19 18 4
11	„ Interest on Investment, *less* Tax		11 12 2
£614			£592 19 9

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1956.

1955.	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
575	Life Membership Fund		574 17 6
833	Special Reserve		833 7 6
	Costume Department Fund—		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1955	158 5 6	
	Less Excess of Expenditure over Income for year	14 19 4	
158			143 6 2
11	Unexpired Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes		52 2 0
	General Purposes Fund—		
	As at 31st December, 1955	281 12 5	
	Add Sundry Income from Functions, Sale of		
282	Badges, &c., during year	54 15 3	
			336 7 8
	Income and Expenditure Account—		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1955	1044 18 2	
	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for		
	year	79 10 4	
1045	Net Profit on *The Dickensian*	25 13 7	
			1150 2 1
£2904			£3090 2 11

1955.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—		
575	£549 16*s.* 1*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock		574 17 3
	(Market Value 31st December, 1956, £420 12*s.* 0*d.*)		
	Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
105	£118 5*s.* 10*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock		105 0 0
	(Market Value, 31st December, 1956, £90 9*s.* 10*d.*)		
	Investment at cost		
550	£576 9*s.* 3*d.* British Gas 3½% Guaranteed Stock 1969/71		550 0 0
	(Market Value 31st December, 1956, £464 1*s.* 0*d.*)		
	Library Pictures and Furniture (including items		
	exhibited in The Dickens House and Library)	22 0 0	
	Less Depreciation	2 4 0	
22			19 16 0
	The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives,		
75	at cost		75 0 0
	Costume Department—		
	Costumes at Nominal Value	100 0 0	
	Cash in Hands of Assistant Secretary as at 31st		
	December, 1956	43 6 2	
158			143 6 2
	The Dickens House—		
165	Current Account		324 7 0
	The Dickensian—		
	Current Account	145 12 9	
28	*Add* Net Profit for the year	25 13 7	
			171 6 4
2	Stock of Badges in hand		1 0 7
—	Income Tax Recoverable		19 18 4
23	Amounts Paid in Advance, etc.		5 9 0
	Balance at Bankers	1098 5 7	
	Cash in Hand	1 16 8	
1201			1100 2 3
£2904			£3090 2 11

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith.
We have also verified the Investments.
3 York Street, Manchester 2.
1*st May*, 1957.

(*Signed*) MORRIS, GREGORY & CO.,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Congratulations and thanks are offered to the following newly elected and retiring Hon. Secretaries:

Miss W. M. Robinson who succeeds Miss B. M. Rogers at Pittsburgh.
Mrs. M. Withers who succeeds Henry Toye at Southend.
Mrs. I. Edwards who succeeds Mrs. Greenwood at Portsmouth.
Mrs. J. Lister who succeeds Mrs. Minns at Hull.
Mr. R. Metcalfe who succeeds Mr. A. George at Bristol and Clifton.
Mr. W. Wilson who succeeds Mrs. Brammer at Blackpool.
Mrs. L. G. Pocock who succeeds Mr. Wm. Reed at Vancouver.

OBITUARY

We regret to report the death of Miss Laura Godfree, Headquarters; Mrs. T. Harvey Green, Vancouver; and Miss Edith Luke, Mrs. G. M. Ellis, and Mrs. W. Paterson of Montreal.

FRIENDS OF *THE DICKENSIAN*

FOURTH LIST

Dr. Philip Berry
Miss Doris H. Fowle
Mr. H. J. O. Harris
Mr. and Mrs. Laws
Mr. Rupert Manzie
Mr. W. Glanvill Mason
Mrs. Moxon
Mr. Chas. W. Mayo
Mr. R. Oldfield
Mr. W. R. Sinclair
Mrs. Weekes

BRANCH CONTRIBUTIONS

Blackburn Branch . £3 3s. 0d.
Chicago Branch . $30
Christchurch Branch £7 10s. 0d.
Liverpool Branch . £11 11s. 0d.
Wolverhampton Branch £1 0s. 0d.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP PLAYERS

The Dickens Fellowship Players, of London, continue to flourish and have given several performances for charitable objects during the past season. They are always happy to welcome new members in an acting capacity, or otherwise. Anyone interested is invited to write to the Hon. Secretary, Miss D. Day, who will be very glad to furnish particulars. The Players would also be pleased to know of any organisations, in or near London, interested in one of their performances, for which the cost of the hire of costumes is the only fee involved.

WOLVERHAMPTON

A highly successful presentation of *David Copperfield* was given by the Wolverhampton Branch at the Civic Centre of that city in March. No stage or scenery was used, but music and connecting narrative added much to the effect. The players, some of whom were as young as fifteen, were applauded by a large and enthusiastic audience.—G.C.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP DIARY

Branch Secretaries are invited to send copies of their syllabus to aid the Editor in the compilation of this Diary of Events.

Headquarters Meetings on next page.

Bath	Sept. 16th	President's Reception.
	,, 30th	Reading Circle.
	Oct. 7th	Whist Drive.
	,, 14th	Reading Circle.
	,, 28th	Reading Circle.
	Nov. 11th	Reading Circle.
	,, 18th	Whist Drive.
	,, 25th	Reading Circle.
	Dec. 9th	Reading Circle.
	,, 17th	Reading Circle.
Birmingham	Oct. 9th	Presidential Address: Mr. J. E. Richardson.
	Nov. 2nd	Dramatic Presentation: "Sketches from Dickens."
	,, 13th	"Spinsters in Dickens." Mrs. J. Bacon.
	Dec. 7th	Tea and Social.
	,, 11th	Members' Evening. *Martin Chuzzlewit.*
Blackburn	Oct. 4th	President's Address: Miss Anne Heyes.
	,, 18th	"Washington Irving." Mr. L. G. Gollop.
	Nov. 1st	Visit of Blackpool Members.
	,, 15th	Readings: Mrs. J. Lund, Mrs. J. Haworth.
	,, 22nd	Whist Drive.
	Dec. 13th	"Charlotte Brontë." Mr. D. Entwistle, and a paper by Mrs. R. Gibson.
Blackpool	Oct. 17th	Mrs. N. Brammer and Mr. T. Haythornthwaite.
	,, 31st	"Mrs. Gamp." Miss Alys Myers.
	Nov. 1st	Visit to Blackburn Branch.
	,, 5th	Visit to Preston Branch.
	,, 14th	"The Bad Characters." Mr. W. J. Piper.
	,, 28th	"Waste." Miss A. Hargreaves.
	Dec. 12th	"Mrs. Lupin and Ruth." Mrs. R. Newell.
	,, 19th	Bring and Buy Sale. Christmas Meeting.
Bristol	Sept. 26th	Social Evening.
	Oct. 9th	Dramatic Production: "The Strange Gentleman."
	Nov. 13th	Reading: "The Glowing Heart," a life of Dickens by E. Purchase.
	Dec. 11th	A Victorian Evening.
Broadstairs	Oct. 7th	"Journalism in Dickens's Day." Mr. Dumbleton.
	Nov. 4th	Annual Dinner.
	Dec. 2nd	A.G.M. "Harrison Ainsworth," Miss G. Waterer.
Cheltenham	Oct. 5th	President's Night.
	Nov. 7th	Influence of Dickens on Drama. Mr. H. T. Rainger.
	Dec. 5th	"Pamela." Mr. J. S. Warr.
Hull	Oct. 4th	Praeludium, "Smile Please." Mr. J. Lester.
	Nov. 1st	"Keep it Light." Mr. Kenneth Hibbert.
	Dec. 6th	Members' Evening.
Liverpool	Oct. 8th	President's Evening: Miss D. Bell.
	,, 22nd	"Border Town." Mr. T. G. Barnfather.
	Nov. 5th	"Memories of the Dickens Stories." Mr. T. Peel.
	,, 22nd	Visit to the Liverpool Shakespeare Society.
	Dec. 3rd	"Newspapers and Dickens." Mrs. J. Galloway.
	,, 14th	Christmas Party.
Manchester	Oct. 4th	Presidential Evening. Miss H. M. Corney.
	,, 18th	Introduction to the books for the year. Mr. Moffett.
	Nov. 1st	Dickens on Films. Mr. J. Alldridge (*John Stratten*).
	,, 15th	Members' Papers.
	Dec. 13th	"Dingley Dell" Party.

Portsmouth	Sept. 24th	Reunion.
	Oct. 8th	To be arranged.
	,, 22nd	Members' Quiz.
	Nov. 12th	Talk by Deaconess Fry.
	,, 26th	Readings. Mr. K. Edmunds Gateley.
	Dec. 10th	Dickens Recital. Mr. George Adams.
Preston	Sept. 24th	President's Night.
	Oct. 8th	"Martin Chuzzlewit." Mrs. T. Bailey.
	,, 22nd	"Some Dramatised Readings." Mr. Leo Mason.
	Nov. 5th	Visit from the Blackpool Branch.
	,, 19th	"The Kirk Museum, York." Mrs. N. Stafford.
	Dec. 3rd	"Preston in Victorian Times." Mr. R. J. Smirk.
Rochester	Sept. 19th	"Tower Hill to Westminster." Mr. T. V. Brewer.
	Oct. 17th	*Martin Chuzzlewit.* Mr. R. J. Marsh.
	Nov. 7th	Whist Drive.
	Dec. 12th	Christmas Programme.
Southend	Sept.	Visit to the Dickens House, London, etc.
	Oct.	President's Reception.
	Nov.	Reading. Dance. Whist Drive.
	Dec.	Whist Drive. New Year's Eve Party.
Shrewsbury	Sept.	Annual General Meeting.
	Oct. & Nov.	Social Evenings with Readings.
	Dec.	Christmas Whist Drive.
Tewkesbury	Oct. 1st	President's Night.
	,, 5th	Rummage Sale.
	Nov. 5th	Reading and Sketch from *Pickwick Papers.*
	Dec. 5th	Ditto—with Bring and Buy Sale.

The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

Oct. 8th.	Lecture: "The History of the Punch and Judy Show" by Mr. George Speaight. Chairman: Mr. D. L. Murray.
,, 19th.	Afternoon visit to the Muniment Room at Westminster Abbey with lecture by Mr. Lawrence Tanner. Party limited. Apply, with stamped addressed envelope, to The Dickens House.
Nov. 2nd.	Afternoon visit to Carlyle's House, Chelsea, under the guidance of Miss Dorothy Giles. Party limited. Apply, with stamped addressed envelope, to The Dickens House.
,, 14th.	Lecture: "Adapting Dickens for Radio and Television" by Mr. Charles Lefeaux. Chairman: Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley.
Dec. 6th.	Lecture: "Dickens Abroad" by Mr. Dennis Birch. Chairman: Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh.
,, 7th.	Afternoon visit to Carlyle's House, Chelsea, as above.
,, 13th.	Christmas Candlelight Supper at Crosby Hall, Chelsea, 7 to 10 p.m. Tickets 15/- each. Deposit 5/-. Informal Dress.

All meetings at Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C., at 7 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

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Full particulars of the Fellowship and Forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.